OIL DISCOVERS MAINE **LaRUE SPIKER**

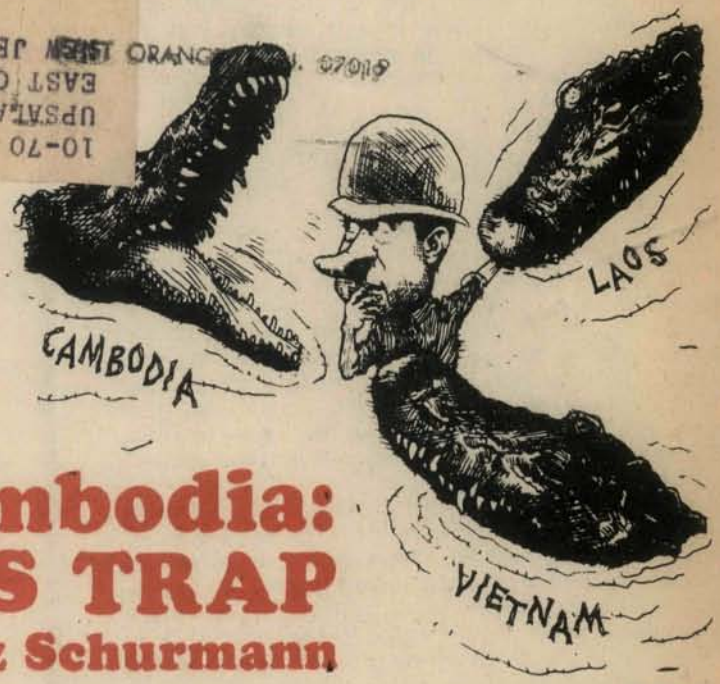
THE NATION

PSALA COLLEGE
LIBRARY

JUNE 1, 1970 35 cents

JUN 8 - 1970

EAST ORANGE NEW JERSEY 07019
UPSALA COLLEGE LIBRARY
EAST ORANGE
10-70 PL-23937



Huffaker
Raleigh News & Observer

Cambodia: NIXON'S TRAP

Franz Schurmann

The Credit Networks: Detour to 1984

Arthur R. Miller

Guatemala Colonel 'A Real Good Relationship'

Joseph C. Goulden

Eugene Goodheart: Rewriting the Classics

***Losing Battles* / Robert J. Griffin**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

insult and waste

Cambridge, Mass.

DEAR SIRS: Derek Shearer did not mention in "The Brass Image" [*The Nation,* Apr. 20] that at least three of the films he discussed, *A Free People, Third Challenge: Unconventional Warfare* and *Freedom and You,* are regularly scheduled features of the Army indoctrination program for basic trainees. The Army's use of these films and other attempts to mold the trainee's thinking suggests that investigation of its information program should be directed first at the boot camp classroom, where the audience is captive.

All three films demonstrate contempt for the intelligence of the average American youth. . . . Aside from their insulting quality, the films are a waste of money; no one considers them anything but propaganda, and I assure you this attitude is not reserved to rebellious college youth. . . .

Michael E. Abram

open door

Toledo, Ohio

DEAR SIRS: I submit for publication the following letter, which I have recently sent to Secretary of Defense Laird:

You are quoted as having said in Detroit that you opposed technological aid to the Soviet Union in its efforts to establish a truck plant. The reason described is that the Soviet Union has sent "trucks by the shipload to North Vietnam." Disregarding the fact that trucks are going to North Vietnam from Great Britain, France and other countries, may I respectfully pose the bigger question of opening up friendly East-West trade between our two nations.

Our boycott of other nations because of their social systems is becoming a bit ridiculous. The strength of the American economy will occur when we take an enlightened attitude of dealing with nations throughout the world. We cannot forever support our economy by foreign military operations, whether in Cambodia or elsewhere. . .

I am so anxious to see this Nixon Administration get this country moving again. We could do business with Cuba or with the Soviet Union or others and get our plants in the United States functioning. There is great distress and disunity developing because of our overemphasis on war-making activities.

I urge you to take a constructive attitude toward this question of opening trade channels with all the nations of the world.

Edward Lamb

peace abstracts

Dundas, Ont.

DEAR SIRS: *Peace Research Abstracts* Journal, now in its seventh volume of publication, contains abstracts of articles, books, reports and conference papers on subjects related to war/peace issues and international affairs. Every month, 750 such abstracts are published, classified according to subject. . . .

The journal is an official publication of the International Peace Research Association and has had support from UNESCO. It is published by the Canadian Peace Research Institute. The abstracting is done by about seventy volunteers around the world. This pool needs constant replenishing. . . . The work is interesting and informative. . . . It is an ideal activity for university-educated women with family and home obligations; but teachers, librarians, professors, journalists, chemists and others have also been among our abstractors.

Anyone wishing to volunteer should write to Dr. Alan and Hanna Newcombe, editors, Peace Research Abstracts, 25 Dundana Ave., Dundas, Ont., Canada.

EDITORIALS

The Invisible Blacks

The Attorney General, speaking in Mississippi to a 99.99 per cent white group of 3,000 (there were two or three Negroes), received a standing ovation before and after he spoke. No better example of what the Administration means when it says "heed what we do, not what we say" has come to light recently than Mr. Mitchell's pious insistence in this speech on living "within the law."

But the gunfire at Kent, Jackson State and Augusta has diverted public attention from the extraordinary 250-page report on the Hampton shoot-out which has just been released by a federal grand jury in Chicago. The grand jury, which has been in session since December 19, consists of twenty-two whites and one Negro, a woman. Of course the report has ended in a "fix" or trade-off—that is, no indictments were returned against police officers and the murder charges were dropped against the blacks who survived the shoot-out. What is extraordinary, however, are the findings of this obviously rigged, controlled grand jury. That such a body should make some of the statements it did only underscores the enormity of the crime which was committed in Chicago.

For example, the report points out—what could have been surmised—that the raid took place on the basis of a tip from the FBI, which in turn was based on the word of an informer. The grand jury found that Hampton's body had not contained, as first reported, huge amounts of the drug seconal. Egregious errors were made in the police laboratory reports. No effort was made to test-fire or fingerprint police guns. The investigation of the shoot-out by the Chicago police was so "seriously deficient that it suggests purposeful malfeasance"—just think of that! The report even concedes that the raid was "ill-conceived." The grand jury reports that eighty-three empty shells were finally recovered and identified and of these eighty-two were found to have been fired by various officers' guns. Yet despite this devastating report, no action will be taken against the police involved other than the token demotion of three officers. Mayor Daley has expressed "shock" at the report, but total confidence in his cops.

What the Chicago findings mean, read in the context of the police murders in Augusta and Jackson State, is that an open season on Negroes now prevails in some American communities. Even moderate and conservative Negroes have concluded that self-defense is the only way to guard against illegal police action. It is a fateful conclusion for it could lead, and probably will, to a domestic My Lai massacre.

Against this background it is incredible—but what these days is really incredible?—that President Nixon should continue to refuse to meet with the seven black members of Congress. They asked for an appointment on February 28. In the meantime, as they note, he has received eleven veteran and patriotic delegations, entertainers, assorted evangelists, athletes, and other important visitors. On May 20, he saw fifteen presidents of predominantly black colleges, who submitted some excellent recommendations. But the seven black Congressmen have

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been knocking on his door for months. Doesn't he feel that they also represent black America?

The delegation has said that this callous indifference is creating "an alienation as deep as it is dangerous"; to which one can only add, "right on!" What is surprising about the President's behavior is that it is a rerun of President Eisenhower's insensitivity. Frederick Morrow, the first Negro Presidential aide, in his *Black Man in the White House,* documented the repeated efforts made by responsible Negro leaders to confer with Eisenhower. They finally succeeded but it was late, very late, in his second term. Deeply shocking, in both instances, is the Republican assumption that Negroes, because they tend to vote Democratic, do not matter. To Republican Presidents, 20 million Negroes are invisible citizens.

Graduation Exercise

"This is a sort of graduation exercise in Vietnamization for the ARVN (Army of the Republic of Vietnam)," a high-ranking American "adviser" told Lawrence Stern of *The Washington Post.* "It has been a great boost for their morale." The South Vietnamese troops in question were operating in the vicinity of Kompong Trabek, about 45 miles inside Cambodia. They were on their own, Stern reports with a straight face, "except for American helicopter gunships, tactical air strikes, two artillery batteries, heavy engineering units, about fifty U.S. military advisers and, until last night, units of the 25th and 8th U.S. Infantry Divisions." However, if this itemization left the tactical autoromy of the South Vietnamese in some doubt, the effects on the area of Cambodia in which they were fighting were clear. Stern sums it up: "The disfigurement of town and landscape that the past five years of war wrought in Vietnam is being duplicated in eastern Cambodia within a remarkably compressed span of days."

As this brief account indicates, the invasion of "neutral" Cambodia is proceeding apace. The President has promised to have U.S. troops out in a few weeks, but will the South Vietnamese pull out when we do? It is conceded that we have no formal understanding with them as to when they will leave and that they will, in any case, leave *after* we have left. American spokesmen piously assure the public that they cannot speak for South Vietnam which is, of course, a "sovereign" nation—created and sustained by American power. Like the Cambodians under General Lon Nol, the South Vietnamese want to keep U.S. combat troops in Indo-China; essentially this is why, with the complicity of U.S. field forces, they precipitated the "incursion" into Cambodia. The incursion is now developing into a "broader operation," and the broader it becomes the less likely is our withdrawal, now or in the future.

Suppose the South Vietnamese and Cambodians become so overextended that their forces are endangered. Predictably U.S. troops would then be sent in to rescue them, all as part of the rationale used to justify the operation in the first place: to protect U.S. troops in South Vietnam. So the headlines are extremely misleading. We may have started to pull out, but when will the South Vietnamese leave; and if they do not leave with us, how soon will it be before we must return to rescue them?.

In the Kompong Trabek action, it will be noted, the

IN THIS ISSUE

June 1, 1970

EDITORIALS

642

ARTICLES

646 Guatemala Colonel: "A Real Good Relationship" — *Joseph C. Goulden*

648 The Credit Networks: Detour to 1984 — *Arthur R. Miller*

651 Cambodia: Nixon's Trap — *Franz Schurmann*

656 Oil Discovers Maine — *LaRue Spiker*

658 Law Graduates: The New Breed — *Mark Green*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

661 Hodgart: A New Voyage to the Country of the Houyhnhnms
Seelye: The True Adventures of Huckleberry Finn — *Eugene Goodheart*

662 Welty: Losing Battles — *Robert J. Griffin*

664 Matthiessen: Sal Si Puedes
Nabokov: Tijerina and the Courthouse Raid — *Roy Bongartz*

664 Love Poem — *Jay Boyer*

665 The Gossip (poem) — *Harry Lewis*

665 Small Elegy (poem) — *Jerome Mazzaro*

666 Arlen: Exiles — *Gina Mallet*

668 Theatre — *Harold Clurman*

669 Dance — *Nancy Goldner*

Publisher
JAMES J. STORROW JR.

Associate Publisher
GIFFORD PHILLIPS

Editor
CAREY McWILLIAMS

Associate Editor
PHIL KERBY

Executive Editor
ROBERT HATCH

Literary Editor
BEVERLY GROSS

Copy Editor, MARION HESS; Poetry Editor, ALLEN PLANZ; Theatre, HAROLD CLURMAN; Art, LAWRENCE ALLOWAY; Music, DAVID HAMILTON; Science, CARL DREHER; Advertising Manager, MARY SIMON.

Editorial Associate, ERNEST GRUENING

Washington, ROBERT SHERRILL; London, RAYMOND WILLIAMS; Paris, CLAUDE BOURDET; Bonn, C. AMERY; Canberra, C. P. FITZGERALD; UN, ANNE TUCKERMAN.

The Nation is published weekly (except biweekly in July and Aug 31) by the Nation Company and copyright 1970 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10014. Tel: CH 2-8400. West Coast office: 825 South Barrington Aveune, Los Angeles, Calif. 90049. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at additional mailing office. **Address all manuscripts and editorial correspondence to the New York office.**

Subscription Price: One year, $10; two years, $18. Add $1 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $2 other foreign.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give five weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

THE NATION

Volume 210 . No. 21

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

South Vietnamese were twice as far into Cambodia as Mr. Nixon said American troops would be allowed to go. And they were accompanied by American "advisers," who in effect command the South Vietnamese units, since the latter are dependent on American air support and only the "advisers" can order gunships, bombers and fighter-bombers into action. South Vietnamese officers may in a few cases be coequals of the advisers but that is unusual in the field. At the highest command levels, the situation is different. Thieu and Ky, whom we installed in power, will decide if and when the ARVN will leave Cambodia. They are in fact threatening to invade Laos as well. In *The New York Times* (May 14) Terence Smith reports that Thieu and Ky have made "unmistakably clear their intention to carry on militarily inside Cambodia after the deadline for the American withdrawal. For the Nixon Administration this raises a basic question: Will it be militarily feasible for the Americans to quit Cambodia by July 1, as Mr. Nixon has pledged, if the South Vietnamese insist on operating across the border after that?"

And, of course, what is "militarily feasible" is a question that will be determined by the U.S. command. An American colonel explained the situation in these terms to Mr. Smith: "The dilemma is this: they can't manage without us in Cambodia and we can't force them to leave when we do. So what do we do? Abandon them and let them overextend themselves? That's not going to help either of us." Quite true. But wasn't that perhaps the idea behind the "incursion" in the first place? The Cambodians and the South Vietnamese want the protection of U.S. troops indefinitely, and the U.S. command is willing to cooperate because it fears the consequences of Vietnamization. So who really entrapped the President? The Cambodians, the South Vietnamese, the U.S. military, or the three acting together in tacit understanding?

Aches and Pains of Robert Finch

The Secretary of HEW was taken to the hospital ninety minutes before he was to defend his leadership of the department before a group of aroused and worried employees. He has multiple reasons for his aches and pains. His daughter, a student at Occidental College in Los Angeles, phoned him recently to inquire: "What are we going to do, daddy? You don't know what is happening here." The Secretary's problem is that he knows what is happening but doesn't know what to do about it. So he sent a written message to the distressed employees of his department, loyally endorsing the President's decision to stage an "incursion" into Cambodia.

If he were the good administrator he has been represented to be Mr. Finch would promptly resign as Secretary of HEW, for he must know that the department is in process of being dismantled. By now it is obvious that the Administration would like to function without an effective central axis for the social services, which is what HEW was in process of becoming. Under John Gardner, a serious effort was made to shake up the bureaucracy that had become increasingly rigid and nonresponsive. Mr. Gardner succeeded in breaking up the machinery, but left before he could reassemble it. At the outset, Mr. Finch acted as though he wanted to complete the rebuilding. But then he backed down on the appointment of Dr. John C. Knowles, and more recently he has permitted Dr. Joseph T. English to be eased out as Administrator of Health Services and Mental Health Administration. These moves, and others, indicate that the Administration would like to turn health services back to the states and localities, under the lethargic supervision of the Public Health Service. Education will walk the same gangplank in due course and welfare will be next in line.

Three events confirm this emerging pattern. One is Mr. Finch's disastrous decision to delegate responsibility for executive manpower to Frederic V. Malek, who might be briefly described as a Republican Mafioso type. The second action is the announcement that all GS-16 positions in the department will henceforth be appointive—that is, political. These are the top-level executive positions. The third action was the unprecedented protest of HEW employees who, impressions to the contrary, are anything but an army of liberal hotheads. They staged their protest because they sense what is happening to the department and want, if possible, to stop it.

The dismantlement of the department will not be carried out overnight; it will proceed by stealth and cunning, a step at a time, but the strategy is all too clear. Faced with these events, Mr. Finch should either stage a public fight to preserve the integrity of the department, or he should resign. A Cabinet officer's prime public responsibility is to protect the department he heads against political mayhem. To date Mr. Finch has placed personal political loyalty to the President above his responsibility to the public HEW was created to serve.

Murder and Suicide

Mexico and Canada are our closest neighbors. Our relationship with Canada is historically the more intimate. With a part of Canada we have a consanguineous tie and a common language; as for the other part, it has been said that every civilized man is spiritually a citizen of his own country and of France. What the Canadians think of us must therefore be of the greatest concern to thoughtful Americans.

What they are thinking now is most perturbing. In the *Toronto Daily Star* (May 12) Gary Lautens, a commentator friendly to the United States, starts off a column with the observation that some Canadians believe the United States is guilty of murder in Vietnam; others feel the charge should be suicide. The American soul, he asserts, "has been crushed and bloodied by politicians who put vanity and pride ahead of everything else—ahead of love and compassion, tolerance and humanity." Referring to Mr. Nixon's fear that the United States will be regarded as a "second-rate nation," he calls the President "a desk-bound kamikaze pilot," intent only on more destruction, more killing.

It will not do to say that Lautens is only a commentator. In a broader perspective and with diplomatic restraint, Joe Greene, Canada's energy and resources minister, recently said substantially the same things to an audience of top U.S. businessmen in Denver. As reported in the *Star* by Jack Cahill, Mr. Greene declared that Canada intends to control its own economy and go its own way, avoiding "the malaise that exists in your land."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The American Dream, he said, "in some ways has turned into a nightmare." He referred specifically to U.S. policies in Vietnam and Cambodia, campus and street disorders, racial problems, the disaffection of blacks and young people, and other signs of social sickness. The people of Canada want to be different, and no wonder. There is reason to believe that this is the general view of the Canadian Government.

It represents quite a change. Some 70 per cent of Canada's petroleum industry, 60 per cent of its natural resources and 50 per cent of its manufacturing industry are owned by non-Canadians, predominantly Americans. Until now, Canadians have been only mildly dissatisfied with this state of affairs, and they might still be acquiescent if the moral and political deterioration across the border were not so alarming. Canadians hope that the fundamental decency of the American people will reassert itself but, having no assurance that sanity will return, they are now insisting on a separate identity.

Et Tu, Burger!

Warren Burger was appointed Chief Justice by President Nixon because his past decisions marked him as a "strict constructionist," who would interpret the Constitution in the narrowest possible sense and not go afield for social improvement or other disturbance of the *status quo*. Yet the Chief Justice, leading the entire Supreme Court, has now chosen the broadest possible interpretation of constitutionality in a decision on a 1967 law passed by Congress in an effort to put a stop to the use of the mails to advertise "smut." In effect, the Court has ruled that, under the law, the recipient is the sole judge of what offends him, and that consequently he may demand an end to any or all mail solicitations.

In the words of Stanley E. Cohen, Washington editor of *Advertising Age* (May 11), the Court "seized the opportunity to unlimber a blistering attack on 'the invasion of privacy' by advertisers." Unless Congress should essay the difficult task of modifying the law to filter "smut" from other direct-mail advertising, a recipient of the latter will be in a position to instruct his postmaster to order a specific source of "junk mail" to cease sending it to him. After a sufficient number of requests of this kind, the victim might find his burden of junk mail considerably lightened.

It is even possible that the mailman (once known as the *letter* carrier) might revert to his original function of private communication, and cease to be what the Court calls "an adjunct of the mass mailer who sends unsolicited and often unwanted mail to every home." The law as it stands contains a booby trap providing that the Post Office must not only order discontinuance of mail directed to the offending party but, according to *Advertising Age*, the mailers "cannot sell, rent or exchange lists containing the name of the offended addressee." This could complicate operations and affect solicitation by mail which most people might not deem objectionable, such as subscription offers by worthy magazines. If this is to be the result, so be it.

Advertising Age takes this decision with the seriousness it deserves. It sees it as a just retribution for the excesses of the direct-mail industry, but it can also be argued that "the Court is reacting to the same backlash against advertising which has assumed menacing proportions in other branches of government and other segments of society."

The irony of the situation is that a President solicitous of the interests of business and conservative in his instincts makes the most important appointment of his career on the tacit assumption that the appointee will defend those interests, real and assumed, and not stretch the Constitution to please critics of business, do-gooders and suchlike. Whereupon, in his first important decision, the ungrateful appointee does precisely that.

Sadists in Epaulets

It is a matter of course that when the government of a country is taken over by the military, traditional rights are suppressed and public affairs are directed toward the advantage of an elite at the expense of the general populace. But it is now also being borne in on us that when the military take over, torture ensues. It was so in Greece, it was so earlier when the French army ruled Algeria; and now voluminous and cross-confirming evidence pouring out of Brazil indicates that torture has become an instrument of control there.

The President of Brazil, Gen. Emilio G. Médici, has formally denied the use of torture (*The New York Times*, May 10), but such denials are also a matter of course. As early as November 1969, the International Association of Democratic Jurists, with headquarters in Brussels, issued a report, *Brazil '69: Torture and Repression*, and since then documentation by individuals and groups has been unremitting. Pope Paul VI, basing his remarks on reports received through Church channels, has officially denounced the atrocities. A dossier, *Terror in Brazil*, issued in April by the American Committee for Information on Brazil, documents many individual cases of torture and reprints public statements of protest by Brazilian archbishops, bishops and lesser officers of the Catholic Church. (The Church today is the only significant overt organization that resists the military dictatorship in Brazil; its priests and nuns have been seized by the authorities and subjected to brutal, often obscene, treatment.)

One would not expect this in Brazil, potentially the most flourishing and formerly the most democratic country of Latin America, but in fact one must learn to expect it wherever the soldiers take power. The truth is that soldiers do not know how to run a country—even for their own ends—and they fall back on duress, about which they do know. Further, the code of military excellence does not act to suppress savagery within its ranks. There are cruel men everywhere in society, but in the army cruelty is less a stigma, if it is a stigma at all. Thus, one of the most terrible aspects of the reports from Brazil is the unmistakable evidence that torture is not always used to gain an advantage, however reprehensible. On at least one occasion, a "class" in methods of torture held at State Police headquarters in the city of Belo Horizonte was instructed with a slide lecture accompanied by "live" torture performed on ten prisoners by officers whose names are given (*Terror in Brazil*). In such a case—and there are others—the search for information is not even pretended; it is torture for the sake of torture.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GUATEMALA COLONEL

'A Real Good Relationship'

JOSEPH C. GOULDEN
Mr. Goulden, a Washington correspondent, was reporting from Latin America in 1966 as an Alicia Patterson Fund fellow.

Washington

It was past two o'clock on a November morning in 1966. Our group was deep into the fourth bottle of Scotch, and Col. Carlos Arana Osorio held the floor, as he had most of the evening. Arana was an important man that fall—both in Zacapa, Guatemala, where we were drinking and talking in the Christian Brothers mission school, and in U.S. politico-military strategy for Latin America. As commander of the Zacapa military zone, Arana was charged with transforming into operational reality the W. W. Rostow theory that civic action and counter-insurgency programs can quell violent revolution.

In 1966 Zacapa, a dusty, hot department between Guatemala City and Puerto Barrios, was guerrilla territory, and an uncomfortable number of its walls and bridge abutments bore the whitewashed FAR of the Rebel Armed Forces, the Castro-oriented students and break-away army officers who were trying to topple the government of President Julio César Méndez Montenegro. Most of the 12,000-man Guatemalan army was tied down in Zacapa, fighting infrequent but pitched battles with the FAR; the remainder was busy chasing terrorists in the capital.

The U.S. Embassy and its military staff were damned proud of Arana, who in his four months as commander in Zacapa had sought and followed advice, and who appeared serious about civic action programs. He also had splendid rapport with officers in the U.S. attaché and advisory group. Several days earlier, at a dinner party in Guatemala City, Lieut. Col. Lunsford Thying, a former Green Beret instructor at the Army Special Warfare School at Fort Bragg, had talked at length of his friendship with Arana: "Recently the FAR exploded a bomb at Carlos' home here. The first call he made when he heard of it was to me, so that I could check on his family. That's what he thinks of us. We have a real good close relationship."

For three days I had traveled with Arana through the remote *aldeas* tucked amidst Zacapa's rocky hills, looking at wells and nutrition clinics and schools built by the Guatemalan army and U.S. military and AID advisers. At his headquarters I watched an intelligence officer interrogate a *campesino* who had come in to volunteer information on FAR activities. Yes, indeed, Arana looked like a textbook example of how civic action and counterinsurgency were supposed to work.

Now we were relaxing with the Christian Brothers and some embassy people, drinking PX Scotch and eating deliciously ripe goat cheese brought in by its proud Zacapa manufacturer, an old schoolmate of the Colonel. Guards with submachine guns and carbines stood around Arana's jeep in the courtyard, and several times he excused himself to take radio messages from his headquarters—reminders that this flat-bellied man in ever fresh khakis was, after all, fighting a civil war. During our previous conversations Arana had shied away from political talk; his military superiors earlier that year had permitted the popularly elected Méndez Montenegro to take office, and the army's colonels were under orders to keep out of politics. But in the quiet of the mission, warmed by the Scotch and the camaraderie, Arana suddenly decided to say something.

He leaned forward in his chair and slapped my thigh once, twice, thrice, a gesture I had learned to expect from Latins when they wanted to emphasize a statement.

"You know, my friend," he said, "there are some books that are necessary for anyone who wants to *begin* to understand Guatemala." And he listed them for me, writing the titles in my note pad in a rambling hand to insure that I got them right:

The Protocols of the Elders of Zion, the spurious but widely circulated "master plan for Zionist domination of the world."

View from the Fourth Floor, by Earl Smith, former U.S. Ambassador to Cuba, which asserts that Communist influences in the State Department permitted Fidel Castro's rise to power.

Who Killed Kennedy?, by a leftist Latin journalist who claims that "Wall Street" caused the President's death because he threatened its financial domination of the United States and the countries in which U.S. investors have interests.

America Peligra, a Mexican version of Birchite paranoia which recites the shopworn conspiratorial theories so beloved by American right-wing nuts.

The next morning, over breakfast in the Hotel Ferrocarril, I showed Arana's list to a United States Information Service official who had been traveling with us. "My God," he said simply but emphatically, and poured himself another cup of coffee.

For the next two years Carlos Arana's reading list was an anecdote with which I gently needled Foreign Service friends humorless enough to expect something worth while to result from their incessant churning in Latin America. In a Washington totally preoccupied with Vietnam, Latin America got predictably short shrift. And especially Guatemala. In early 1968 a man phoned me to say that he had been named Guatemalan desk officer at the State Department, and would like to chat over lunch about the politicians there. It developed that he had never been in the country for which he was now responsible, save for a two-hour layover at La Aurora, the airport in the capital. Why not a fast orientation trip? I asked. "Not enough money," he said. "Secretary Rusk has put a freeze on nonessential travel."

That same week my newspaper's office received a Pentagon press release about an official visit to the United

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

States by Col. Rafael Arriaga Bosque, the Guatemalan defense minister. Arriaga flew here at U.S. expense; met Gen. Harold K. Johnson, the army chief of staff, at a festive luncheon in the Pentagon; laid wreaths at the tombs of President Kennedy and the Unknown Soldier; and was ferried to God knows how many military installations around the country.

Through State Department and CIA friends I also kept an eye on the career of Carlos Arana Osorio—much as one charts the progress of an old girl friend who married an insurance salesman and moved to Wichita Falls, Tex. Soon after I left Guatemala, Arana abandoned civic action, apparently on the ground that it was too slow, and created extra-military bands of *campesinos* to do the army's dirty work in fighting the FAR. Concurrently, *La Mano Blanco* (The White Hand), financed by right-wing businessmen and *finca* owners, created urban counter-terror units to combat the FAR in Guatemala City. Both factions committed murders of stomach-turning grisliness—student leaders and leftist politicians cut down by *La Mano Blanco*; businessmen, the U.S. Ambassador and two military attachés, and rightist politicians by the FAR. An AID official scrawled a note on his Christmas card describing the machine-gunning of the bus driver, a political activist, who had just driven his children to school.

Carlos Arana's contribution was a scheme bizarre even by the demanding standards of Latin politics. In April 1968 he became involved in the kidnapping of Mario Casariego, the Roman Catholic archbishop of Guatemala. The conspirators reasoned that the Guatemalan public would blame the crime on the FAR, and that President Méndez Montenegro would be forced to give the military a free hand to exterminate the leftists, lest the outrage force him from office. If Méndez Montenegro were deposed, Vice President Clementine Marroquin Rojas, an eccentric editor-politician who attacked his own administration in newspaper columns even after taking office, would move up to the Presidency.

The conspirators guessed wrong. Méndez Montenegro, in an unprecedented display of fighting spirit, fired both the defense minister, Arriaga Bosque, and the national police chief, Col. Manuel Sosa Avila, and sent a troop of trusted soldiers to Zacapa to remove Arana from command. Arriaga was hustled away to quasi-exile in Miami, and Arana was given the honorific title of military attaché in Managua, Nicaragua.

When Arana returned to Guatemala this spring to run for President on a right-wing ticket, few took him seriously. Indeed, a very capable *Washington Post* reporter who wrote a long pre-election story from Guatemala City failed even to list his name among the candidates. The State Department people responsible for Guatemala were confident that Méndez Montenegro's Partido Democratica would prevail, and put another Left-of-Center moderate into the Presidency.

Arana ran a rough law-and-order campaign, and he had some lucky breaks. Two weeks before the election, the FAR kidnapped Carlos Fuentes Mohr, the Canadian-trained economist who had attempted to run Méndez Montenegro's fiscal reform program until pressures from the Right forced his "promotion" to the nonentity job (for Guatemala) of foreign minister. "When I become President," Arana said in a radio broadcast, "I will not pay ransom, in men or money, to obtain the release of kidnapped persons. I will set a deadline for their release at four o'clock in the afternoon, and for each hour that passes I will shoot one FAR criminal in our prisons."

Arana won a plurality. The Partido Democratica, which retained control of the National Assembly, abided by its pre-election agreement to cast its votes for the top man in the event that no one received a majority. And on July 1, Col. Carlos Arana Osorio will become Guatemala's second consecutive popularly elected President.

Has Carlos Arana's political philosophy matured past a childish faith in *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion* and other ideological trash? The four years of his Presidency should answer that question, and another of even greater importance: given the military's demonstrated capacity for idiocy and mischief, should the United States make an operational partner of *any* colonel, in Latin America or elsewhere? In 1966, the U.S. Embassy in Guatemala considered Arana a moderate, and a man of intellect far superior to that of other officers in his army.

Further, the Embassy had strong pragmatic arguments for its political and financial support of civic action. The argument went this way: The existence of the Guatemalan army is a fact. With 12,000 men and an administrative bureaucracy it is present throughout Guatemala, more so than any other governmental agency. Save for a simmering dispute with the British and Mexicans over title to British Honduras, one which could not erupt into war under any conceivable conditions, Guatemala

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

faces no external threats. But an idle army *is* a threat: through an automatic promotion system an officer reaches the rank of colonel, highest attainable, in his late 30s. Assuming tolerably sane conduct, there he remains until retirement. A colonel has the choice of donning sunglasses and accepting the somnolence of garrison life, or of entering politics simply to find something to do. The army is glutted with colonels, 400 of them at recent count, a surplus so nonsensical that some of them actually command platoons, a lieutenant's job in most armies, or work as supply sergeants.

Three times since 1944 restive colonels have overthrown governments; countless other attempts failed at one stage or another. Civic action, touted as an alternative to extra-constitutional political activity, supposedly would (*1*) put this manpower to sensible economic use; (*2*) expend the colonels' energies; and (*3*) make friends for the government by performing worth-while social tasks in remote rural areas.

The drawback, of course, is that this system gives work to such men as Arana. To credit—or blame—civic action for his emergence as a right-wing President is unjustified; given his proclivity for politics, Arana could well have made it to the top by a coup as easily as by the ballot box.

Yet one fact remains: because Carlos Arana Osorio was Our Man in Zacapa, he is now Our Man in the Presidential Palace, a fact that will be remembered by the students and *campesinos* who are disgusted with Guatemala's abysmal distribution of wealth. Guatemala needs reform—what it is to get, unfortunately, is repression—and by a strong man with whom the Pentagon, if not the rest of us, can claim kinship. □

THE CREDIT NETWORKS

DETOUR TO 1984

ARTHUR R. MILLER
Mr. Miller is a professor of law at the University of Michigan. His The Dossier Society: Personal Privacy in the Computer Age *will be published soon.*

Today's credit industry is remote from that of an era when the neighborhood banker, grocer or merchant extended financing to customers whose economic condition he knew personally. Credit transactions have so permeated our lives that the United States supports a buy-now-pay-later habit at a level that exceeds $100 billion. The importance of credit to the financial fiber of society is amply demonstrated by the shock waves produced whenever the prime or discount interest rate vibrates.

Powerful social forces have shaped the contours of contemporary credit transactions. First, we are a highly mobile people, uprooting ourselves in increasing numbers and with remarkable frequency. Thus financial information must be available wherever a peripatetic consumer might appear to transact business. Second, the pace of modern commercial life is such that a decision to grant or withhold credit must be made promptly. Third, unless advocates of zero population growth get their way, the army of consumers will continue to expand, and merchants and banks will face ever larger masses of customers on whom they need current data to expedite dealings.

Tomorrow's credit industry is bound to be shaped by today's computer technologies. Double-entry bookkeeping and other artifacts of an ancient accounting era will vanish, having been replaced by computer-based financial record keeping. And as computerization spreads through the commercial world, the institution of monetary exchange may well atrophy. Americans write 60 million checks and countless charge slips a day—activities that cost industry millions of dollars and incalculable time each year. Eventually, checks and perhaps even cash will disappear and all purchases will be on universal credit cards. Each transaction will be electronically recorded in a computer network that will maintain a running account of everyone's financial activities. An individual's income and expenses will continue to do battle, but in the core of a computer. The tax dodger will become a historical curiosity, since the government will electronically skim its share "off the top."

Since the basic stock in trade of credit bureaus is the acquisition of large quantities of individualized data that can be manipulated and made available over large distances very quickly, it is not surprising that a number of them have begun to use the new computer technology to gather, process, store and disseminate various types of information.

As early as 1965, Credit Data Corporation (CDC) inaugurated a large-scale computerized credit information system in California. In 1967 the company linked its Los Angeles and San Francisco offices to provide a statewide computer credit network. That same year, CDC opened a computerized center in New York City. Since then it has opened others in Buffalo, Syracuse and Detroit; a Chicago office will be operating before the year is out. CDC responds to telephone inquiries from subscribers—typically credit granters—by reading a print-out of the potential borrower's computerized record. The response time averages two minutes.

Credit Data is now part of TRW, Inc., an aggressive and diversified electronics firm. It covers a geographic area containing approximately 50 million people; has computerized credit information on more than 20 million individuals and claims to be adding approximately 50,000 files a week. CDC will obviously continue to develop regional information centers that will eventually be connected by telephone lines or microwave relay to establish a national credit information network. Large

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

users of its services will be provided with remote access terminals which will allow them direct entry to the company's computerized files.

The Associated Credit Bureaus of America (ACB), a nationwide organization of independent credit bureaus, has also been working on computerization since 1965, its objective being to spare member bureaus the financial burden of buying or leasing computer equipment and developing data processing capability. There are more than 2,000 credit bureaus in the ACB; it serves 365,000 credit grantors and maintains files on approximately 100 million Americans. A year ago ACB announced that it had contracted with International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation to provide association members with computerized credit reporting services.

The trend that emerges is to fully computerized credit bureau networks capable of maintaining an electronic file on every economically viable American. To be sure, for several years computerized credit bureaus are apt to be local or regional, but the delay in development will be caused by human, not technological factors. Devices already exist to link decentralized information nodes by microwave relay, standard telephone communications lines, lasers or satellites. The eventual result will be an extraordinarily complex information system, roughly analogous to the present telephone network, whose total data base could be made available to a subscriber wherever he may be. Thus the economic life of someone shopping in R. H. Macy, Marshall Field or Magnin for the first time will be transmitted almost instantaneously over a nationwide (or global) credit information network to a computer terminal in the store's credit office. And in a checkless, cashless society, the system will theoretically embrace everyone—from the teen-ager expending his allowance on mod clothes to the sugar daddy shopping his way through Tiffany and Bergdorf.

The credit bureaus cannot be blamed for embracing the technology of the future, but the fact is that they have done so without solving a serious problem of the present—the preservation of the privacy of people on whom dossiers are maintained. The industry never paid much attention to the matter in the past and this indifference has resulted in misuse of information, gross inaccuracies, disregard of the individual's right to privacy, and failure to acknowledge the crippling potential of such information—or misinformation.

Few borrowers realize that they sign away a portion of their privacy when they apply for credit. Credit bureau files bulge with individualized financial information. From mortgages to make of car, from size of salary to size of family, the resulting collage of data frequently produces an intimate sketch of the subject's economic life. To augment this data, many credit bureaus also regularly comb newspapers, court records and other public files for bits of personal data that are thought to be relevant in deciding whether an individual is an acceptable risk. In some instances this information is further supplemented with the history of a person's payment habits received by the bureaus from those who have granted him credit in the past.

Congressional investigators have unearthed a number of practices by the so-called retail credit reporting associations—firms that cater primarily to insurance companies and employers—which are subject to sharp criticism. In addition to the activities described above, they engage in considerable surveillance. Field investigators gather information and impressions as to an individual's status and reputation in the community. As might be expected, the reports they turn in usually contain hearsay narratives and off-the-cuff opinions gleaned from quick interviews with neighbors, landlords, employers and "friends." Investigators are usually poorly paid, relatively unsophisticated and frequently insensitive, and they are often required to complete a certain number of checks per week or month. These "quotas" are in most cases so high that it is unrealistic to believe that the investigations are conducted carefully; there are strong indications that in some instances standard records are consulted and the field work simply invented.

There are two "leading lights" in this murky business. The first, the Retail Credit Company, Atlanta, has attracted the particular attention of Congressional subcommittees because it has files on more than 45 million individuals, a staff of 7,000 investigators and control of 60 per cent of the retail credit bureau market. The second is a mysterious organization, Hooper-Holmes Bureau, which is said to specialize in collecting and vending derogatory information and to have files on 9 million or 10 million people.

The flavor of these operations can be savored from this description by the president of Hooper-Holmes of how a field investigator checks out his suspicion that the subject is involved in an extramarital affair: "You go to a neighbor and establish rapport. . . . Then you ask, 'What's your opinion of X's home life; how do you think of him as a family man?' This will usually elicit some hint. . . . Then you start digging. You press them as far as they go, and if they become recalcitrant, you go somewhere else." There are also several politically oriented groups, one of them being the right-wing Church League of America, which claims it can weed out "undesirables" and "troublesome individuals." No matter what the League calls its "service," it is an old-fashioned name-checking device.

Since such companies deliberately provoke gossip, it is not surprising that some of their files produced during Congressional hearings contained comments from unidentified sources such as "peculiar," "scatterbrained," "neurotic," "psychotic," and "has . . . a persecution complex." None of these remarks appears to have had any medical or psychiatric basis. Other files contained allegations as to the subject's drinking, aggressiveness, ethics, associations, health, hobbies and activities. For example, an actual bonding report prepared by the Retail Credit Company and examined by the House Subcommittee on Invasion of Privacy evaluated a retired Army lieutenant colonel as follows: "A rather wild-tempered, unreasonable and uncouth person who abused his rank and wasn't considered a well-adjusted person. He was known to roam the reservation at Fort Hood and shoot cattle belonging to ranchers who had leased the grazing land from the Army." Reports of this kind, filed with unverified conclusions and epithets based on interviews with unidentified people, are obviously highly damaging.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is impossible to determine how much ethnic, racial and religious prejudice, let alone personal antagonism, shapes their tone and content.

In contrast to such activities, the commercial credit bureaus—companies that primarily serve credit grantors—profess to limit themselves to "hard" financial data that is less sensitive, less subjective and more likely to be accurate. But many commercial credit bureaus have been lax in restricting access to their files. As part of a television news report, CBS staff members created a fictitious "systems" company, which sought information from twenty commercial credit bureaus in various parts of the country on people chosen at random from local telephone directories. The company's letter simply indicated that credit might be extended to the persons in question. Despite vigorous assertions by a high-ranking ACB official that it was "impossible" for anyone except a "bona fide creditor" to secure a report from an association member, the fictitious CBS company received, "without further question," full reports from ten bureaus.

The experiment was repeated after the ACB had adopted "Credit Bureau Guidelines to Protect Consumer Privacy," which require the client to sign a contract certifying that inquiries will be made only for credit-granting purposes. CBS signed no such contract and, to make disclosure even less likely, did not even mention the granting of credit in its letter of request. Moreover, reports were sought on people who had complained to Congressional investigators about their credit problems. Nonetheless, seven out of twenty-eight bureaus provided information without hesitation.

In each sample group, several bureaus that did not comply with the request indicated that they would furnish the information if the systems company signed a contract. In one case, the fictitious company did so; the information was thereupon supplied even though a modest investigation by the bureau would have disclosed that the applicant was not a bona fide credit grantor. As CBS commentator Mike Wallace remarked: "Signing a written contract is not much of a safeguard; all the client has to do is lie."

Improper dissemination of credit information is not the only activity of the commercial bureaus that threatens personal privacy. For example, ACB members offer a "watch service" that monitors public records and an individual's transactions after he has made a credit purchase, the purpose being to spot any indication that he will be unable to meet his obligations. This is surveillance, no matter what euphemism the ACB uses to describe it.

Command of an individual's credit history also provides considerable leverage for collecting debts that the credit grantor might otherwise write off. ACB members supply financial data to collection agencies and sometimes act in that capacity themselves. When "counseling" consumers on their credit problems, they often persuade them to "rehabilitate their credit" by paying off delinquent accounts, some of which they boast are more than ten years old. This practice demonstrates the power of a permanent, unforgiving credit bureau file to outlast the statute of limitations on ancient debts. It also suggests a possible conflict of interest, since the bureaus may get two fees from the same transaction: first, a fee for preparing the report; second, a fee if credit is extended and their debt collection services are then needed. This second fee casts substantial doubt on the disinterest of the bureaus' "counseling" practices and on their claim to protect debt addicts against their own indiscretions.

Finally, it has been suggested that ACB's ownership of "Welcome Newcomer" is a potential threat to privacy. An executive of a telephone solicitation firm remarks: "They are just little spy organizations. They walk into a woman's house with free toothbrushes and walk out knowing everything about the family. All that information is then published and sold to local merchants."

The threat to the individual runs still deeper. Even if bureaus limited themselves to providing legitimate creditors with the financial history of consumers and refrained from supplying derogatory or innuendo-filled tidbits to anyone who could pay the fee, the problem of accuracy would remain. An erroneous entry or confusion as to identity can have a devastating effect on a person's ability to find employment, obtain insurance or buy a house. Moreover, technically accurate reports can be extremely misleading. A simple notation labeling a customer as "slow pay," for example, may conceal a dispute as to whether the goods or services bargained for were received in acceptable condition. As Prof. Alan Westin has observed: "Withholding payment is our most effective leverage. . . . But what may often happen, especially when hot words may be exchanged . . . is that the seller may report this as simply nonpayment or slow payment. He may even take a certain amount of relish in the fact that the obnoxious lady on the telephone . . . is being fixed in the credit record." Once an error or a misleading entry finds its way into a file, it becomes almost impossible for the individual to have it corrected, since most bureaus will not allow a person to see his own file.

The trend toward computerization conjures up even more distressing images. The new technology's almost limitless capacity for handling data will encourage bureaus to acquire ever higher levels of information about individual and institutional borrowers. This pattern has shown itself in connection with the federal government's census, health and welfare activities. Moreover, as the cost of acquiring a unit of information declines, it is predictable that credit networks will obtain and preserve more detailed data. Dossier-type data on a large group of people can be used for a number of commercial purposes, such as compiling a mailing list of consumers who might be interested in a particular product. Bureaus have also been employed to rate the credit reliability of prospects for unsolicited credit cards. These and other Madison Avenue applications will provide fresh incentive for gathering even more information, and produce a self-perpetuating spiral of data collection.

The pressure will be reinforced by the availability of a receptive market. Employers, detective agencies, insurance companies, political operatives and government investigators all have occasion to make extensive inquiries about a wide spectrum of individuals. Their labors would be simplified if they could begin with an inexpensive and comprehensive credit bureau report containing the detail that will be found in the data bases of the future. Some credit bureaus open their files to law-enforcement agencies

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and other government offices without charge or protest. The FBI admits to 25,000 incursions of this type every year. Even if the credit bureau refused, the file might be vulnerable to a subpoena, which is easily procured and rarely resisted.

Whatever the future shape of the credit bureau industry, there is a prospect that enormous quantities of financial and investigative data garnered from a variety of sources will be centralized in the hands of a few private companies. We are only beginning to appreciate the intrusive uses to which data bases of this type may be put. Who feels threatened by the ubiquitous but seemingly innocuous airline reservation computer? Yet because it can produce a dossier on an individual's travels, seat assignment, telephone contact, care and hotel reservations in some cases, and the identity of fellow passengers on each of his flights, this data base has become a popular port of call for many investigators. The notion that tomorrow's information managers will have far more sensitive data at their disposal is indeed disquieting.

In view of past abuses and negligent practices by some members of the consumer information industry, as well as the irreversible movement toward computerization, one would expect credit bureaus to be subject to extensive regulation. The reverse is true. People in the Boston area recently learned some of the consequences of the existing lack of regulation when the files of 3 million people owned by a bankrupt credit bureau were put up for auction. A bureau official reportedly remarked to a potential customer: "Wouldn't you like to be a blackmailer and have access to these files?"

Since 1967, subcommittees in both Houses of Congress have held hearings on the threat to personal privacy posed by certain bureau activities. The first legislative proposal was offered by Senator Proxmire of Wisconsin in the spring of 1969. In may ways it was an excellent

(*Continued on page 669*)

CAMBODIA: NIXON'S TRAP

FRANZ SCHURMANN

Mr. Schurmann is a professor of sociology and history at the University of California, co-director of the Bay Area Institute, and a writer on Asian affairs.

San Francisco

Only a short time ago the anti-war movement was gripped by a despair that increasingly expressed itself in terrorism. Now the movement has a life and scope never before seen. Throughout the country, thousands of groups are *organizing* for a protracted struggle to end the war in Southeast Asia. No central committee shouted the call to action; no particular organization leads the drive to organize. The moment Nixon ordered American troops into Cambodia, spontaneous moves of extraordinary similarity erupted throughout the country. It appears that millions in the anti-war movement had been thinking along similar lines and needed only a provocation of proper magnitude to act. President Nixon provided that provocation on April 30.

The threatening tone of his speech that night implied a determination to seek military victory in Southeast Asia. Thus he reversed the entire thrust of his rhetoric on Vietnam since taking office. Nixon still does not understand that an obligation of a national leader, more important than decision making, is to set guidelines for the country. People, whether they support or oppose a leader, expect him to define the environment in which they live. They want him to be decisive, one way or the other, so that they can order their individual and collective lives accordingly. During the first year of his Administration, Nixon appeared determined to get out of Vietnam. The anti-war movement was generally quiescent, except for the great demonstrations of October and November 1969. When his resolve began to wobble early this year, the movement stirred. Anxiety deepened among the silent majority, malaise spread among the opponents of war, and terroristic violence erupted. On April 30, the President flatly reversed himself, and the movement exploded. The weak, contrite, conciliatory tone of his May 8 press conference only deepened the conviction that he lacks the capacity to be a leader.

Ever since the anti-war movement arose on a massive scale in March 1965, it has always acted in relationship to the country's leaders, and particularly to the President. The movement has no ideology, no unifying principles of its own. All attempts to transform it into an independent Left, such as the Peace and Freedom Party in California, have failed, and only small sectarian groups survive from the experiments. Until the demonstrations against the Chicago Democratic convention, it reacted in relationship to the liberals who then ruled in Washington. Whatever its rhetoric, it was crying for a return to the ideals of peace and freedom that had won Lyndon Baines Johnson the greatest electoral victory in American history. After the convention, the movement, except for the determined, suspicious, alienated radicals, declined. Many liberals came to believe that, one way or another, the war would end. The Nixon of the first year was impossible to relate to. Postures of benign neglect, coupled with an impression of competent professional workings behind the scenes, led many to believe that peace was in sight. After all, the message from Wall Street was clear—the war and defense spending are ruining the economy. Yet the Nixon rhetoric of that first year was not decisive enough to convince. And as the war dragged on, wariness turned into suspicion and finally despair. The radicals sensed that the war would take a turn for the worse, and ROTC, the most available symbol of American militarism on the campuses, became the natural target of political action. The revolutionaries moved on to terrorism.

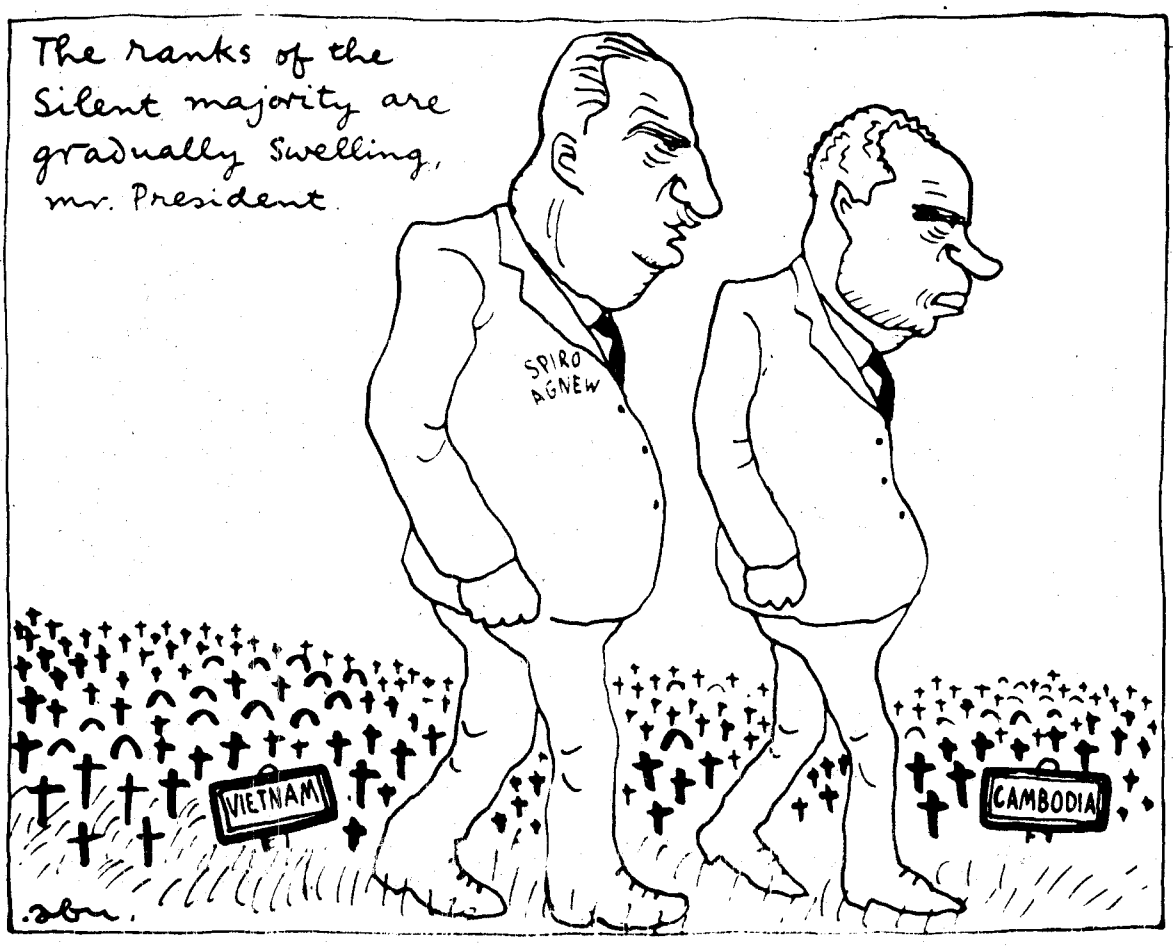
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The terrorism cannot be dismissed as the actions of a lunatic fringe. It has been the most extreme expression of a more general mood which became apparent last year, particularly in the ecology movement. While the Establishment cheerfully embraced ecology as a diversion from more dangerous anti-war and campus politics, it failed to recognize the spiritual convictions of the ecologists. Those convictions are apocalyptic and arise from a vision of the coming doom of all mankind: not just the war in Vietnam but the entire system is plunging the world headlong into destruction; the crisis is so vast that only the most heroic efforts will save us —and they are unlikely. This vision of impending holocaust is utterly different from the clean-up-the-garbage reformism of the Establishment. While some of the leaders of the ecology movement advocated totalitarian planning as the only means to avert the holocaust, some of the young chose the ultra-individualistic path of terror. The apocalyptic visions of the Right see holocaust pouring in from without (Yellow Peril, Red Hordes), or from internal agents of the foreign enemy (the International Communist Conspiracy). The apocalyptic visions of the Left see the holocaust coming from the suicidal impulses of the system itself (nuclear war, destructive growth, pollution of all things material and spiritual). Out of that profound pessimism came the despair and the terrorism of the period preceding the Cambodia coup.

That mood ended on April 30. The moment Nixon spoke clearly as a war President, the millions in the anti-war movement had something tangible toward which to relate. It was no longer the system propelling us toward suicide but a single man ordering us into a bigger war. The movement had toppled one President—it could topple this one too. Similarities to the McCarthy campaign are evident. Everywhere small groups are organizing, going out into the community, leafleting, lobbying, arguing. Entire universities are being pushed by students and faculty to use their resources to end the war. Confrontation and violence are minimal. The liberals, only a short time ago in despair, have reawakened in huge numbers. Optimism reigns once again, and optimism has always been the badge of liberalism. Radicals and revolutionaries regard the system as hopeless, and urge struggle of one sort or another against it as the only possible form of political action. Yet it would be a mistake to see this renewed liberal optimism as a reversion to what once prevailed. The massiveness of the effort now being mounted is a last-ditch stand. Either we stop the war now or catastrophe will be at hand.

The fragments of evidence surrounding the Cambodia coup which have come out of Washington indicate that the liberals perceive the situation correctly. Either we nullify Nixon's decision on Cambodia now or we move inexorably in the direction of catastrophes the dimensions of which will become clear before the end of the year.

Since the movement erupted in reaction to Nixon's decision to extend the war, we must look at that step more closely. The stories out of Washington and Saigon



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bespeak utter amazement. Not only was Congress not consulted but people at the highest levels of the national security bureaucracy were in the dark until the decision was made. Moreover, men most closely involved with the conduct of the war, such men as Secretary of Defense Laird and Secretary of State Rogers, were said to have been opposed to sending American ground combat troops into Cambodia. Henry Kissinger was described as "equivocal." Some reports say even the CIA was opposed. Attorney General Mitchell alone is reported to have been "enthusiastic," but why should Nixon follow his advice on the war? Behind the President the Joint Chiefs of Staff lurk like the ancient Greek fates. The belief is widespread that Nixon caved in to the generals. Yet again, reports imply that some members of the Joint Chiefs didn't know of the decision, and not a single report from Saigon suggests that anyone there had foreknowledge of it. The invasion of the Fishhook region was hastily prepared, and launched at the moment of the April 30 speech. In his April 20 speech, Mr. Nixon expressed continued faith in his withdrawal program. Ten days later he seemed almost in panic, reiterating that America would never be defeated. Since Nixon is no Napoleon trusting to his inner military intuition, something must have happened to jolt him during those ten days, as Max Frankel of *The New York Times* suggested in his reflections on the considerations that led to the Cambodia coup.

For weeks after the overthrow of Prince Sihanouk, American generals had been arguing that we should seize this "golden opportunity" to wipe out the NVA and Vietcong sanctuaries in Cambodia. On April 20, Nixon announced troop withdrawal plans that were widely regarded as a compromise between the views of the generals, who wanted a flat halt to withdrawals, and those of others, like Rogers and Laird, who wanted the President to announce another early round of withdrawals. The conservative San Francisco *Examiner* announced in headlines that Nixon had split with the Pentagon. Immediately after the speech, according to newspaper reports, intensive deliberations on the Cambodian situation began in Washington. By the following weekend, Nixon was said to have decided to let the South Vietnamese invade the Parrot's Beak, supported by American advisers and air power. The requisite orders went out to General Abrams. On April 27, Secretary of State Rogers came before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, where he implied that there might be changes in Cambodian policy, but gave no indication of the magnitude of the action. When he appeared, only the plans for the Parrot's Beak had been settled; but that same night the fateful decision was made to invade the Fishhook region. That operation was to be carried out with American ground combat troops, in direct reversal of everything Nixon and his Cabinet members had been saying since the proclamation of the "Guam Doctrine." If the various published reports are to be believed, the decision to invade the Fishhook erupted as suddenly as a tornado in a clear sky.

But if one looks back at the escalation of the last years, the suddenness of the Fishhook move is no surprise. The air war over Laos began on May 17, 1964, after a crisis of little more than a day caused by the fall of a minuscule Laotian town called Tha Thom, apparently but not really; to the Pathet Lao. The most notoriously sudden decision of all was Tonkin Gulf. Hardly had the conflicting reports on the second clash with North Vietnamese PT boats come into Washington than the word went out to launch massive air strikes against North Vietnam. The most critical escalation of all, the February 7 air attack on North Vietnam which launched the bombing war, was decided on within twelve hours of the Vietcong attack on Pleiku.

Thus far, only one report has suggested the kind of crisis President Nixon faced on the night of April 27. Flora Lewis of *Newsday* wrote that the Pentagon suddenly proposed to Nixon a seaborne attack against the port of Sihanoukville. For years the military had been claiming that the Vietcong were being supplied through Sihanoukville by Soviet and Chinese ships. If those supplies were cut off, the Vietcong in the southern provinces of South Vietnam would be dependent entirely on supplies brought down the Ho Chi Minh Trail. Intensive bombing of the trail and destruction of the Cambodian sanctuaries would make it extremely difficult for such supplies to come through. Thus one swift blow could seal the doom of the enemy. Why should such a proposal alarm Nixon and his advisers? An attack on Sihanoukville, like the bombardment of Haiphong that was so bitterly debated during the Johnson administration, would mean a direct confrontation with the Russians and the Chinese. Obviously those who pushed for the attack did not fear such a confrontation, but there were others who did.

Since the end of World War II we have survived several crises which brought us to the brink of a third world war. In each case, they involved a confrontation with Russia or China or both. The Cuban missile crisis was the most publicized. Showdowns with Russia have been rare of late, though they may be developing again. Soviet pilots are flying in Egypt and Soviet ships are in the Caribbean. During the bombing of North Vietnam, we had a number of confrontations with the Chinese, as American planes bombed closer and closer to the Chinese frontier. On April 27, 1970 we were rapidly approaching another crisis with the Chinese. Peking announced a summit conference of the North Vietnamese, the NLF government of South Vietnam, the Pathet Lao and Sihanouk. The Chinese thereby put their weight behind Sihanouk in his drive to regain power in Cambodia. This took on added importance with the launching of the first Chinese earth-orbiting satellite. But we were also moving toward a potential confrontation with Russia in the Middle East. If Russian pilots actively engage Israeli forces or if Israel, made desperate by a changing balance of power, launches a preventive strike against Russian installations in Egypt, America would immediately be drawn in.

But while Chinese actions vis-à-vis Cambodia and Russian actions in the Middle East understandably alarmed Washington, they cannot in themselves explain the sudden sense of crisis which gripped Nixon on the night of April 27 and which led so hurriedly to the decision to invade the Fishhook. A much more plausible cause is the Pentagon's plan to attack Sihanoukville. Intimations came from the Pentagon or segments thereof, such as CINCPAC in Honolulu, that the military intended to go ahead full speed with deployments, awaiting only the go-ahead signal to launch the attack. On August 5, 1964, at the time of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tonkin Gulf, the deployments were ready and the planes poised to take off before the decision to attack was made. That decision came fast.

I see no other explanation for the manner in which the decision to invade the Fishhook was made than that it was a quick compromise between the extremely dangerous plan to attack Sihanoukville and the more "moderate" tactics apparently advocated by Laird and Rogers. If Nixon had not acted CINCPAC units might in any case have begun the attack, leaving to Washington the task of explaining why and how it had "authorized" it. As it was, the Navy and the Air Force resumed bombing of North Vietnam—"authorized" by Washington, it was subsequently announced. And even though the military leaders didn't get what they wanted on the night of April 27, Marshal Ky's blockade of a 100-mile stretch of Cambodian coast line, announced on May 13, indicates that the Sihanoukville plan is still alive. But the move into the Fishhook region at least did not involve an immediate confrontation with the Russians and the Chinese.

The military bureaucracy has one virtue—consistency. It has never accepted the notion of a *détente* with any of the forces of world communism. It fought bitterly against the 1963 Partial Test Ban Treaty, and now advocates a renewed arms race with the USSR, not to mention continuing pressure against China. Ever since President Kennedy muzzled the military, it is difficult to read or see their views in the media. A good substitute are the columns of Joseph Alsop, who of late has been mounting a crusade for the preservation of American power. From his own point of view he is right. Not since 1964, when the spirit of the Partial Test Ban Treaty led the administration to cut down on defense spending, has the threat to the military been so great. Defense spending has declined and will decline even more if the SALT talks should succeed. It will decline if the war ends in Vietnam. Far stronger than in 1964 is the deep anti-military sentiment among youth, and the defection of scientists from the cause of military research. The great trauma of many generals, as revealed in their memoirs, was the incredible demobilization of American power after World War II. The U.S. Armed Forces literally self-disintegrated. The prospect of a repetition frightens them more than anything else. Taught to think in terms of the domino theory, they fear that they may be the dominoes to fall.

The military are unhappy, yet they are trained to follow orders, to accept the policies of their Commander in Chief. The military did not get us into Vietnam, but when Washington policy makers opened the doors of Laos and Vietnam, they rushed through. Their unhappiness gave them greater determination and speed. The door into Cambodia was not opened by the plan to attack Sihanoukville but by the "golden opportunity" which civilians and military urged Nixon to seize. The decision to let the South Vietnamese attack the Parrot's Beak with American advisers was taken before April 27. By allowing this seemingly minimal escalation, Nixon had made a profound policy decision which reversed his entire Vietnamization program. He probably sincerely wishes to limit the invasion of Cambodia, as he stated plaintively in his press conference, but others have different ideas. They have already shown what those ideas are by resuming the large-scale bombing of North Vietnam.

The Cambodia coup of April 30 is not a seizure of power by the military. Unlike the Greek colonels, the American military still believes that running the country is the business of its various governments, federal, state and local. (It may drop its present aloofness from domestic matters if "anarchy" prevails.) But the military has one cardinal belief—America must be supremely powerful, cost what it may. Secretary of Defense Laird shares this belief, but appears to be proposing a new arms race with the Russians as a substitute for the draining war in Vietnam. The Joint Chiefs of Staff, CINCPAC and Saigon, do not agree with him. Their determination to win in Vietnam has not slackened; neither has their willingness to confront the great Communist powers. In the past, great crises had the effect of arousing the country's patriotic and supportive sentiments. It usually sufficed to give the military the hardware it wanted.

In the Vietnamese War, compromise escalations have eventually turned into the full escalations the military wanted. Nixon's prediction that all American forces will be out of Cambodia by the end of June may turn out to be correct. Once the monsoon rains come to Cambodia, the country turns into mud, and military actions are impossible. The more likely escalations are a renewal of bombing in North Vietnam, an attack against Sihanoukville and, perhaps most ominously, an action in Laos. Pathet Lao and North Vietnamese forces, in response to the invasion of Cambodia, have advanced across the cease-fire lines in Laos. Sam Thuong and Long Cheng, the last Armée Clandestine outposts on the Plaine des Jarres, remain under threat. It is said that the entire population has fled. Years ago, as Roger Hilsman reports in *To Move a Nation,* the military opposed ever again opening a land war on the Asian mainland—unless they could use nuclear weapons. Since the dispatch of American ground combat troops into the Plaine des Jarres does not seem feasible, it is permissible to wonder if some military minds are toying with the idea of using tactical nuclear weapons to stem a North Vietnamese advance toward the Mekong.

The dangers of the Cambodia coup are very widely sensed, if not fully understood. The stock market has responded; the voices of the Establishment opposing the invasion are equally clear; those supporting Nixon are muted, even fearful. The voice of the campuses announces organized, protracted resistance. Few abroad support Nixon; even America's subservient ally, Britain, abstains. Millions suddenly sense that we stand on the crest of a watershed, and that a last supreme efort must be made if we are not to go over the other side.

The struggle now being waged in this country is

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

Because of postal regulations, *The Nation*'s mailing list must be arranged according to Zip Codes. Therefore—with *any* correspondence about address changes, renewals, etc.—please enclose the address label from your *Nation*. If you don't have a label, be sure to include your Zip number, and *be sure it is correct*. Without it, we cannot find your name plate.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ultimately an ideological one, cutting across conventional notions of class and interest. The ideologies in combat arise from two utterly opposed views of the world. One sees it as basically peaceful, with conflict an aberration; the other sees it riven in two, with struggle to the death the basic fact of life. For years, American leaders have proclaimed their commitment to peace, even while their actions contradicted their words. But people believed the rhetoric; they took it as the guideline for action, the definition of the world given them by their knowing leaders. On April 30 Nixon came close to abandoning that rhetoric and going back to the cold war. The military has never seen the world as essentially peaceful. Nor have large segments of the United States whose spokesman has been Barry Goldwater. Nixon's past puts him closer to Goldwater, but as the standard-bearer of the Republican Party he must straddle the ideological fence. After years of growth and affluence, a variety of forces are giving new power to the ideology of reactionary conservatism. The economy is shaky; youth is turbulent; black discontent is rising. And we are told that the great outside threats, the Russian and Chinese missiles, close in upon us.

A further escalation of the war in Southeast Asia will halt the downward trend in defense spending. But then, since defense spending is the major cause of the inflation, it is hard to see how the government can avoid wage-price controls—in short, economic dictatorship. A new escalation will deepen the turbulence of the discontented, leading to greater despair and greater terrorism. John Mitchell may already have foreseen certain police-state remedies for such a situation. Escalation now will mean confrontation with Russia and China, and that is the threshold of the third world war.

The cry for peace comes from large segments of the middle class, from students, professionals, scientists and many businessmen. It is not heard so widely from the poor or from the minorities whose militant spokesmen see struggle as the only escape from their misery. The radical current of the movement, which earlier had been pressed into the background by the revolutionaries and now by the liberal upsurge, accepts the view that struggle, not peace, must be the guideline of political action. In a different arena, that has been the key ideological difference between Russia and China. The Russians, under Khrushchev, committed themselves to peace as the supreme goal of their foreign policy; the Chinese, speaking for the poor of the world, demanded struggle. The enormous chasm between the Russians and the Chinese should warn us that the currents of the essentially white peace movement and of the black liberation struggle may not be running in the same courses. But as American militarism threatens both Russia and China, its domestic counterparts threaten the anti-war and black liberation movements. And reactionary conservatism sees them all as "communistic."

Today the chief threat to peace is the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and the chief force for domestic repression is Mitchell's Justice Department. As Justice and Defense have come closer together, so have the white peace movement and the black liberation struggle. The great happening at Yale, where the defense of the Black Panthers coincided with the Cambodia coup, shows this convergence. While anti-militarism and anti-fascism are still different thrusts, the gap has narrowed. As the crisis grows, the anti-war movement has shown more and more willingness to struggle. The movement is still basically nonviolent, but if the struggle goes badly, then the violence which so many fear will spread. The struggle will go badly when reactionary conservatism, which sees violence as the only instrument for coping with a threatening and disorderly world, starts coming to power.

People in the Establishment, both liberals and conservatives, warn the movement frantically against violence. They argue that violence will only harm the cause of peace and racial justice, so speeding the repression. There is truth in this argument, but there is an even more important truth: if the liberal establishment, now exemplified largely by the Senate, cannot halt the war and arrest the spread of reactionary conservatism, then the violence they fear so much will descend upon them from both Right and Left. Beyond that there will be war. The supreme responsibility and leadership of the anti-war movement rests today with the Congress, particularly the Senate. All forms of action against the war ranging from the protest of the stock market to rock throwing, have failed to prevent the drift toward escalation. They have been effective in showing the range and depth of the opposition to the war, but have not been translatable into power. What little power is left to halt the military lies in Congress, in its constitutional right to grant or refuse appropriations. In 1914, the German and French parliamentary deputies assured the military unrestricted power when they voted the war credits. We face a similar situation now.

John Mitchell probably counseled Nixon that, when he escalated into Cambodia, the protest would blow over soon and Congress would never refuse to support our boys in the field. It is now end of semester and students will scatter from the universities. Congress must approve the budget before the beginning of the new fiscal year on July 1. If Mitchell is correct, then we shall have war, to be followed by repression so severe that frustrated protest will turn to violence. The issue, however, has not yet been decided. The key lies with the Senate. If the Senate refuses appropriations for the Cambodian invasion, it will not thereby have defeated the threat from the military but will probably have prevented a massive explosion of violence from a frustrated anti-war movement.

We are in a constitutional crisis, as many are saying with greater frequency. But if my explanation of what happened on April 27 is correct, then it is not a crisis arising out of Presidential despotism. Rather it is a crisis caused by the President's loss of power. Lyndon Johnson was once quoted as saying that the President has no power save that of using nuclear weapons, which he cannot use. He also said: "When the going gets tough, the toughs get going." While he was referring to hard-bitten radical militants, the phrase applies equally well to the military. Loss of control over a military which has the power to determine the fate of the entire society is the deepest constitutional crisis imaginable.

The lies that have been coming out of official quarters in Washington since the Cambodia coup appear to be frantic attempts to preserve the illusion of Presidential

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

command and control over foreign policy. Mr. Nixon's rapidly alternating moods—calm optimism on April 20, threats on April 30, contrition on May 8—show weakness where there should be strength. The weakness is exacerbated by his inability to choose between two diametrically opposed thrusts of his political make-up—one, a proclivity for reactionary conservatism which marked the beginnings of his political career, and the other a desire expressed in his campaign and in the first year of office to bring us all together. He cannot be a President of peace and of war at the same time. Johnson tried that by separating the two: he waged war abroad and preached peace at home. It worked for a while because the foreign and home fronts were not yet tightly linked. Today they are inextricably enmeshed, morally on the campuses and materially in the stock market. Nixon must make a move in one direction or another. Whichever way he moves, he will have a great fight on his hands. If he does not move, whatever power he has left will slip away. The decisive confrontation between the constitutionalists who want peace and the militarists who want war is close at hand. □

OIL DISCOVERS MAINE

LaRUE SPIKER
Miss Spiker is a free-lance writer, primarily for Maine newspapers. She is now completing a biography of Martin Van Buren.

Southwest Harbor, Me.

When Maine shifted its election dates into line with the rest of the states, the maxim, "As Maine goes, so goes the nation," seemed headed for oblivion. But with recent passage of some "landmark" legislation regulating the oil industry, the bromide has been dusted off, albeit with a verb change: "go" has been converted to "goo."

Because deep inshore waters can accommodate supertankers for the transport of crude oil, and because Kenneth M. Curtis, the aggressive young Governor is receptive to the scheme, a number of major oil companies have decided to develop the Machias area, about 25 miles by sea from the Canadian border. The region is untouched by other major industries; the people are poor; zoning is nonexistent; taxes are low; the labor pool is unsophisticated; local governments are strictly small town; and the state's pollution laws are relatively weak.

What more can a site-hungry industry ask? The president of one of the companies noted casually that "people in many other parts of the country won't put up with new refineries and oil facilities." The original plan—projected by the Occidental Petroleum Corp., and involving the establishment of a foreign trade zone to evade oil import quotas—was announced with fanfare from the Governor's office a couple of years ago. Glittering promises of prosperity were made to the depressed area: jobs for the unemployed and underemployed, a really luxurious tax base, "spin-off" industries heretofore undreamed of, and lower fuel costs for all New England.

The Governor estimated 350 new jobs for the core refinery alone, with a sparkling 3,000 more in ten or fifteen years, as the subsidiary developments matured. He assured a handful of edgy conservationists that ample provision would be made to prevent air and water pollution and that adequate planning would protect the area against the worst aspects of sudden boom. The people who live and work along the coast said little at first. All that prosperity sounded fine, and for the most part they played it cool, wanting time to mull it over. They remembered that the Passamaquoddy tidal power dam project, which has ebbed and flowed frequently since the mid-1930s, was also supposed to make them rich.

The oil industry itself regarded the whole possibility with more warmth. Four more companies soon expressed specific interest in the area, some with plans that were not dependent on a foreign trade zone. They are Shaheen Natural Resources Co., Atlantic Richfield, Atlantic World Port, and Humble. At Portland, on the other end of the coast, King Resources is projecting the largest oil storage depot in the world on an island in Casco Bay. King, along with Chevron and some other firms, are also exploring underwater oil and gas deposits which the state geologist excitedly describes as having a "potential beyond belief."

The voices of the conservationists began to rise. The Natural Resources Council of Maine, an affiliation of conservation-oriented groups, issued twenty questions on "The Machiasport Situation" that raised issues of economics, pollution and unplanned growth. A few months later, the Eastern New England Group of the Sierra Club published a 35-page report entitled "Machiasport: Oil and the Maine Coast." Although its tone evoked nostalgia for an unspoiled and beautiful segment of America, the report also challenged the accuracy of the promised lower fuel costs, presented a hair-raising picture of the effect of pollution on existing marine industries and tourism, questioned the number of jobs that would actually become available to Maine residents, raised the prospect of soft-core pollution through the inevitable urban sprawl of an exploding rural community. The report came down heavily on the unsuitability of the waters for navigation by giant tankers: "Machias Bay . . . practically invites catastrophic accidents."

Lying near the mouth of the Bay of Fundy, which has the highest tides in the world, Machias Bay itself experiences 16-foot tides and the strong currents that accompany them. The surrounding waters are crowded with islands and shoals. The weather, especially in winter, is stormy. A permanent fog bank lies 25 to 100 miles to sea, "except for the frequent occasions when prevailing winds blow it in upon the coast." A 300,000-ton tanker not only requires a depth of 60 to 80 feet for safety but a 2-mile run to come to a stop from full speed.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The development proposals awoke vivid memories of the *Torrey Canyon* disaster, and the leak at Santa Barbara was front-page news throughout Maine. Protests began to appear in the letters columns of the papers. A major segment of the statewide press started publishing articles on the results of oil spillage. The conservation organizations issued a stream of materials hitting hard at the effects of oil pollution on Maine's marine industries, which earn annually $25 million for lobsters, $37 million for fish processing and $1.4 million for clams, to say nothing of considerable sums for marine worms, shrimps and seaweed. Tourism in Maine, also largely a marine industry, earns $400 million.

Governor Curtis' enticing mirage began to fade as down-easters added up the possible losses which would accrue from the oil development. People who would have put conservationists on about the same political plane as bird watchers, expressed doubts. In some places the issues sharpened into a struggle.

In Perry, population 560, a handful of stalwarts organized to get the warning around after representatives of an unnamed company began optioning shorefront with a promise of $200 per acre for land that could have been had for $5 a few years ago. A table-pounding county commissioner, who stood to make a good deal of money if the options were taken up, forbade a public meeting at which the group planned to talk about pollution. They held it anyway, and about 250 people attended. The atmosphere began to change.

A liberal statewide weekly ran a poll among its 11,000 subscribers and got some startling figures. Almost 60 per cent of those responding reacted to the industrial proposals with "despair" and another 35 per cent with "doubt." Less than 1 per cent wanted the oil industry encouraged to come to Maine; 52 per cent wanted laws which would ban it and 47 per cent wanted strict controls. An impressive 71 per cent thought that the environmental losses from the industry would far outweigh the economic gains.

By the time a special session of the legislature convened in January a strong current of resistance was running. The pressure was sufficient that regulatory legislation seemed inevitable, and an unexpected number of legislators publicly announced opposition to any new oil developments along the coast. The representative from Machias itself seemed to have the unqualified backing of clam diggers and lobstermen, as well as a respectable segment of the business community. He estimated that the refinery, after construction, would net no more than fifty or sixty new jobs to natives. A state Senator farther west along the coast learned that oil pollution might be fatal to the lobstering industry, since several stages of the larvae live near the surface of the sea and react negatively to a diet of oil. He was on the side of the lobsters.

The state was rocked back on its heels by the strength of support for one bill, which would have placed an 18-month moratorium on heavy industrial development along the coast. This bill was a stepchild from the start. Introduced by conservation interests as a tactical lever to insure passage of two regulatory bills, it washed down the drain after their passage, probably due to an early miscalculation of the real sentiment in the state and the odd behavior

of its sponsor who, some believe, had introduced it as a political maneuver to embarrass the Governor.

The two regulatory bills flowed from the recommendations of a Governor's Task Force headed by the chairman of the Environmental Improvement Commission (EIC). Support for them built up to a wave that inundated the legislative halls, leaving the unprecedented number of industrial lobbyists, who had come to oppose, gasping. Statements came from such diverse groups as the Maine Lobstermen's Association, the League of Women Voters, and the Bar Harbor town council, the last casting an apprehensive eye at the town's heavy capital investment in tourist facilities.

The chairman of the legislature's natural resources committee received more than 800 letters and more than 100 telegrams on the legislation, only eight of them being in opposition. "In my ten years in Augusta I have never seen such a grass-roots concern of our problems, nor have I received such a mass of correspondence," he said.

Life was breathed into the open hearings on the bills by an unprecedented number of witnesses. Such a furor was raised that even *The New York Times* was constrained to nod its august head. "The whole nation will be watching to see whether Maine's legislators live up to Maine's motto: *Dirigo*—I lead," it stated editorially.

The two bills came to be known as the "siting bill" and the "conveyance bill." The former empowers the EIC to deny an industry that "may substantially affect local environment" the right to build on a proposed site. In this instance environment is defined to include not only potential pollution but "the character, quality and uses of land, air and waters in the area."

The conveyance bill charges the EIC with establishing regulations for methods of loading and unloading oil at coastal terminals and with maintaining safeguards

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for its transport by sea within the 12-mile limit. A Coastal Protection Fund of $4 million is established to pay for cleanup of spills and damages for losses; this fund to be financed by a half-cent-per-barrel tax on the companies and used for a number of purposes in addition to cleanup. The original bill provided for a fund of $10 million with a 1¢-per-barrel tax. The state need not prove negligence in order to establish liability for spills, and private claimants may apply for damages through the state. No limit is set on the amount of damages for which companies are liable, but at the discretion of the EIC they are exempt from responsibility for acts of God.

Both bills passed with overwhelming majorities and were quickly signed by the Governor, who said: "Perhaps it was presumptuous of our forebears 150 years ago to devise the motto, *Dirigo* . . . for the small and isolated state of Maine, but today, we have lived up to that promise."

But lead where? The protective legislation is more advanced than exists for most places, particularly in relation to the oil industry. Its effectiveness will depend to some extent on the integrity with which the EIC approaches its assigned duties. (Its record over the past few years with regard to water and air pollution is not impressive.) The commission can perhaps keep the refineries back from this beautiful uncongested shore, but will probably allow storage tanks along the coast for reasons of economy. That is already suggested in some of the Governor's statements.

No matter what the regulations are nor how aggressively they are pursued, oil spills cannot be prevented, and they may make the *Torrey Canyon* and Santa Barbara disasters small by comparison. Neither industry nor science has the technology to prevent spills nor for satisfactory cleanup when they happen.

The Occidental refinery alone will require delivery by a 300,000-ton tanker once a week to keep it supplied with crude oil. The oil companies are willing to risk their ships to these hazardous waters, for it is the people who will pay. (The companies have already promised to pass on to the consumers the half-cent-per barrel assessment.) The new laws are a narrowly focused attack that does very little to ward off the dangers pressing on the total environment. There has been no break with the classic attitude that the demands of industry supersede environmental needs.

In comments made before the legislature voted, Robert Monks, president of Atlantic World Port and a Maine summer resident, admitted: "There's little question that the environment of the area would change somewhat with a refinery." He then advised Maine to sell itself dear if it were going to let the oil in. The charges set are not particularly high. Oil can live with it, but the coast of Maine cannot. □

LAW GRADUATES: THE NEW BREED

MARK GREEN

Mr. Green is editor in chief of the Harvard Civil Rights-Civil Liberties Law Review. *With Bruce Wasserstein he is co-editing* With Justice for Some, *a collection of articles on law and social action, to be published by Beacon Press.*

> Instead of holding a position of independence, between the wealthy and the people, prepared to curb the excesses of either, able lawyers have, to a large extent, allowed themselves to become adjuncts of its corporations and have neglected their obligation to use their powers for the protection of the people.
>
> —*Louis Brandeis, 1905*

> Lawyers labored for polluters, not anti-polluters, for sellers, not consumers, for corporations, not citizens, for labor leaders, not rank and file . . . for highway builders, not displaced residents, for, not against, judicial and administrative delay, for preferential business access to government and against equal citizen access to the same government. . . .
>
> —*Ralph Nader, 1969*

Only a few years ago the third-year law student would trek to his chosen city to knock on law-firm doors and seek the privilege of a job. Who can forget Paul Newman, in *The Young Philadelphians,* saying to the law-firm partner who had just made him an offer: "Thanks a lot Mr. Dickenson! Golly gee!" Then law firms began to interview at the schools, thereby implying a greater parity between employer and potential employee. That era, continuing until recently, often produced discriminatory candor: law review only; women not hired. Today, with the demand for young lawyers steadily rising and with a more socially sensitive generation matriculating, firms are being studied, questionnaired, picketed—and avoided.

For many students the trip from law school to law firm is a road of social avoidance, a sanitized, moneyed route that is irrelevant at best and unconscionable at worst. One reason for this new attitude is the misallocation of legal resources, a problem to which law firms have contributed: 300,000 lawyers in this country receive more than $4 *billion* for their services, mostly on behalf of large business interests or personal injury cases; the OEO legal services budget is a thin $43 *million* to provide counsel for approximately 35 million persons whose incomes are at or below the poverty level. By way of anecdote, the system seems of questionable justice when Arnold & Porter, of Washington, D.C. (Abe Fortas' old firm) can send five attorneys to live in Chicago for a year on an open expense account in order to participate in a railroad case in which they represent one of fifty plaintiffs, while few legal service programs are bringing welfare hearings because they lack the manpower. Many students prefer not to accelerate this trend. In addition, many feel a lack of enterprise in devoting their professional lives to splitting stocks on Wall Street and a lack of principle in representing, for example, United Fruit, General Motors or the Tobacco Institute.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The law firms' reaction to this shift of attitude is a measure of its prevalence: they raised beginning salaries by 50 per cent within one year, from approximately $10,000 to $15,000. And still the young lawyers pass them by. One out of every sixteen graduates last year applied for a VISTA slot (also because of the draft); there were more applications for poverty and public interest programs than there were openings; Yale and Virginia Law Schools disclosed that their graduates entering private practice declined respectively from 63 per cent to 54 per cent and from 41 per cent to 31 per cent in the 1968-69 period (when the salary increase took effect), and in 1970, none of the thirty-nine law review editors graduating from Harvard expects to enter private practice.

This loss of recruits for the firms' talent bank has been accompanied by new forms of student pressure. The first tactic was unorganized questioning of recruiters during individual interviews, the questions being directed toward firms' responses to the legal needs of the poor, the nonwhite and the consumer. Representatives who came prepared would produce an attractive list of their *pro bono publico* work (nonfee generating cases in the public interest). Sporadic and random questioning permitted window-dressing responses and few students had the knowledge or the courage, in a tête-à-tête interview, to follow up with more probing questions: what percentage of your firm time is so committed; are these cases handled by associates after hours or by the firm *qua* firm; if a conflict of interest occurs between a public and a private client, how is it resolved; are *pro bono* leaves of absence subsidized by the firm; how many blacks, women and Jews do you employ?

To make the most of their bargaining position, law students have read labor law and have organized. Students at Harvard, Yale, Stanford, New York University, Columbia, Pennsylvania and Georgetown have sent out questionnaires containing questions such as those cited above, and students at other law schools are following suit. Harvard's questionnaire was made up of sixteen multiple questions, was signed by 316 students and eleven school organizations, and was sent to 450 firms that interview at the school. The professional reaction was general consternation. A recruiting partner in Covington & Burling of Washington, D.C., called it "a monstrosity"; others deplored it as "naive . . . prejudiced . . . prying . . . personal." Paul, Weiss, Goldberg, Rifkind, Wharton & Garrison of New York City was one of the few firms publicly to defend the inquiry—but it failed to reply. One unnamed Boston firm complained that "these students are so damn self-righteous"; a Pittsburgh firm canceled its appointment to interview at the school; some law school alumni abandoned their fund-raising activities, and two lawyers warned two of the organizers of the questionnaire that they would be appearing eventually before the character committees of a state bar. ("Do you plan to practice and pass the bar?" one legal veteran inquired of one of the students. "Yes," he replied. "Forget it," answered the attorney.)

One spin-off benefit of this project was that it inspired some Harvard Business students to send out a "Business Firm" questionnaire. This initiative, surprising for the normally slumbering school on the Charles River, broadens the movement to demand institutional responsiveness and candor from the organizations that determine national policy. The Harvard questionnaire drew replies from 110 firms. Their answers were almost uniformly polite evasions and promotional pitches, but two basic points were nevertheless established: First, the dialogue between the profession and the schools would henceforth be two-way; if law firms could question students (grades, recommendations, wife's name), law students could question firms (what clients do you have; do you lobby for them; do you sit on their boards of directors?). And second, until the profession in general and law firms in particular devote sufficient resources to the public sector, many of the best students will avoid the firms.

If firms were dismayed by an instrument as blunt as the questionnaire, they were infuriated by the follow-up tactic of picketing. The issues that brought out the picket lines usually went beyond a firm's *pro bono* work to challenge the kind of representation which the firms actually provide their corporate-business clients. Thus between twenty and forty law students at Harvard picketed Ropes & Gray, a prestigious Boston firm, because of its ties with the Eastern Associated Coal Company, a trade association that has regularly fought mine-safety and miner-health (black-lung) legislation. "This firm has accepted diseased money for years," asserted leaflets addressed to students being interviewed. "Don't you have something better to do with your talents than to sell them to Ropes & Gray?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Harvard group also picketed Cravath, Swaine & Moore, and Milbank, Tweed, Hadley & McCloy, two ultra-Establishment New York City law firms, because, said the leaflets, "Both firms through their clients and through the activities of their own lawyers, are extensively involved in supporting the South African economy and thus maintaining that country's racist Afrikaner government. The Cravath firm is also extensively involved in the military arms procurement trade through its representation of major weapons manufacturers."

And in Washington, local law students, organized by Ralph Nader, picketed Wilmer, Cutler & Pickering for its work on behalf of the Automobile Manufacturers Association. The firm had convinced the Justice Department not to bring either criminal or civil suit against the companies for an alleged conspiracy to suppress antipollutant exhaust devices, although a federal grand jury had recommended prosecution. Lloyd Cutler of the firm, prominent among Washington lawyer-lobbyists, replied with overkill, accusing the protesters of "practicing McCarthyism in reverse. . . . The late Senator from Wisconsin also believed he had a divine monopoly on knowing where the public interest lies." He further evoked the demagogue by noting that in the fifties McCarthyites picketed law firms for representing Communists.

This response raises another key point. Student concern is not only with the quality of *pro bono* time but also with the quality of client time. No one holds that corporate clients should be denied legal representation; the question is *how* they are represented and how far their lawyers are prepared to go. If an attorney believes that his legal advocacy furthers the interest of a racist regime, should he advise his client to sever such ties, and if he fails to do so, cease to be his counsel? If a client lobbies to kill safety legislation that cuts somewhat into his pocketbook, what is the lawyer's responsibility? Drawing analogies with the representation of outcasts, a common device, is inadequate. First, human rights, like the right of free speech or assembly, have always been accorded broader sanction in our legal and constitutional structure than civil and property rights. Thus while it is necessary that a democratic society with a First Amendment tolerate foolish or evil views and defend their speaker, it is not necessary that such a society tolerate the evil of industrial pollution. And second, while a client deserves representation for a *past* criminal offense, no canon or commandment requires a lawyer to be accomplice to a *present* and *continuing* act which raises moral and public as well as legal problems. This principle is particularly important in legislative forums, where there is often a blatant lack of adversary process (since industry interests are far better organized and financed than corresponding citizen efforts), and where the lawyer operates in a system of *politics* not justice. Lawyers should actually read their own Canons of Ethics: "EC 7-9 . . . when an action in the best interest of his client seems to him to be unjust, he may ask his client for permission to forgo such action."

In effect, the students' position is that lawyers should be responsible for their actions, not merely "hired guns." This responsibility is again most evident in legislative situations. Therefore, when Lloyd Cutler fights to shield automobile executives from criminal liability for knowing and willful violations of the auto safety law, or when H. Thomas Austern of Covington & Burling argues that there is no proven link between smoking and cancer, or when Thomas Finney and even Clark Clifford lobby against a Toy Safety Act, each should be held accountable for his advocacy and not be allowed to take cover behind an idealized, often nonexistent adversary process.

The law firm response to the double criticism that *pro bono* work is insufficient and that the ethics of private representation is often dubious has not been wholly negative. Covington & Burling operates a program in which two associates work full time for six months with the Neighborhood Legal Services Project. Paul, Weiss, et al., emphasizes that it allows its associates up to 200 hours per year for such work (which is equivalent to forty minutes per ten-hour workday). Still more impressive are the ghetto offices being opened by Piper, Marbury of Baltimore; the public affairs section set up within the Washington firm of Hogan & Hartson, and the Arnold & Porter commitment of 15 per cent of billable hours for any lawyer who wants to donate his time. Edgar Cahn and Jerry Berman, two "public interest" Washington attorneys, have gone further by urging that all firm lawyers sign a "Declaration of Obligation" to devote a certain percentage of time to public-interest work—a commitment which could be institutionalized into a canon and become, like any other canon, the ethical norm for the profession. Finally, in the corporate-client domain, Robert Wald, a prominent Washington attorney, has cut through the liturgy of excuses which industry lawyers offer by asserting: "In matters of public health and safety, a lawyer's role becomes more critical. If he sees a conflict between his client's interest (as the client views it) and the public's he has a responsibility to broaden his client's perspective." He applies that formula with some success to his own tobacco client, P. Lorillard Company.

Last December, two debates were held at Harvard Law School between law firm members and students. In one, Cravath, Swaine & Moore accepted a challenge to defend the firm's policies in regard to Chemical Bank & South Africa. An uneventful discussion suddenly came to life when third-year student Gerry Billow asked F.A.O. Schwartz, Jr., of Cravath how he actually *felt* spending his time with such clients and governments, since he considered himself a good liberal. The question answered itself, especially since the respondent trailed off into the need for legal representation.

Immediately preceding this debate there had been another student-lawyer exchange, three students versus three lawyers, in a "Meet the Press" format. It, too, produced more heat than light, as the attorneys answered general questions with anecdotal avoidances and specific questions with counter questions about the inquirer's facts. It was, to steal a metaphor from J. K. Galbraith, like playing badminton with marshmallows—you never knew if they would bounce or stick. The non-evening came to an appropriate close when one of the attorney-participants, Louis Oberdorfer, criticized one of the student-participants, myself, for "throwing curves every time you spoke"—which revealed the separation of our legal generations, since we weren't even in the same ball park. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Hippie-Yahoos and Crickits

A NEW VOYAGE TO THE COUNTRY OF THE HOUYHNHNMS. *Edited by Matthew Hodgart. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 91 pp. $2.95.*

THE TRUE ADVENTURES OF HUCKLEBERRY FINN. *As told by John Seelye. Northwestern University Press. 339 pp. $7.50.*

EUGENE GOODHEART
Mr. Goodheart is professor of literature at M.I.T. He is the author of The Utopian Vision of D. H. Lawrence *and* The Cult of the Ego: The Self in Modern Literature *(both University of Chicago Press).*

These two books, I imagine, will probably be consigned to the new genre, *critifiction*. However the first, Matthew Hodgart's "rewrite" of Gulliver's visit to the Houyhnhnms, is no more than a conservative thrust at the counter-culture and its tolerators in the "liberal" establishment. The counter-culture is of course the hippie Yahoos for whom community is a great sh-t-in (Hodgart drops the offending vowel from the conservative scruple of good taste). In Matthew Hodgart's version, tolerators of the "liberal" establishment are Gulliver's Houyhnhnm hosts. On Gulliver's first visit to Houyhnhnmland they had the horse sense to banish him. The modicum of rationality he possessed was seen as particularly dangerous in a Yahoo because it would inevitably serve and strengthen his depraved will. The Houyhnhnms were proved right but too late, for Gulliver on his short stay had unwittingly planted the seed of discontent among the Yahoos. On Gulliver's return, Houyhnhnmland is no longer the land of good plain horse sense—vileness, filth, presumption prevail.

Hodgart's Gulliver gives this account of a Yahoo confrontration with the Houyhnhnm establishment:

> Given an attentive Hearing, they began to address the Assembly, which they did as a Chorus. It was by no means clear to the Houyhnhnms, at first, what their Posturings, Voidings of Excrement and Urine, Slobberings and Barkings were intended to signify; although evidently they were making a new *Demand*. The Meaning first became plain to the younger Houyhnhnm Caucus, used, as they were, to Intercourse with the Orators; and soon I too, having an innate Knowledge of the Brutes' Gestures, could translate the Ideas as: "Be like us! Be Yahoos! Roll in the Dirt! Eat Dirt!" When the younger Set began to illustrate this Meaning, by vigorously performing the required Actions, of rolling and eating, to the Applause of the Yahoos, the Import of the Demand was presently comprehended by even the weakest Noddle in the Assembly. Many of the Houyhnhnms showed an understandable Reluctance to comply. . . .

Hodgart is a critic of some distinction, which makes the fatuity of his performance surprising. One might have expected that his genuine knowledge of satire would have constrained him to make responsible, if not inventive, use of the original text. The fourth book of *Gulliver's Travels* is a devastating vision of the ultimate corruption of the human species. Swift makes the horse the embodiment of reason because he sees man as constitutionally incapable of ordering his life according to reason, so rooted is he in his aggressive excremental animality.

If one wishes to make a contemporary application, the focus ought certainly to be on our apparently generic proclivity for destroying ourselves through wars, killings, pollution and the mindless proliferation of the species. The greatness of *Gulliver* is its anthropological intuition of our corruption. Swift in his profane way has *seen* man's Original Sin. The political life is of course one place where the corruption breeds and festers, but in the Swiftian view, it is not partisan—which is another way of saying that the trouble is not so narrow but anthropological.

Whatever one thinks of Hodgart's apparently Buckleyite politics, his indictment of the hippies is irrelevant to the book he is using. It is also a bit of political perversity to see an essentially powerless portion of the society as culpable for the political and moral grotesqueries of our contemporary situation. The leaders of our society and the acquiescent silent majority must bear responsibility for tolerating our military interventionism and our fantastic investment in military hardware while our environment is being polluted and destroyed. The counter-culture for all its foolishness and self-destructiveness is hardly the responsible party. I am willing to excuse in part the obtuseness of Hodgart's performance by attributing it to his life in England, where violence, pollution and national aggressiveness are less in evidence.

Seelye's book is something else. It is an act of literary criticism, that is, an attempt to understand *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* by rewriting it under the pressure of the body of criticism that already exists about the book. Seelye begins with an amusing introduction purportedly written by Huck, surveying the "crickits" from Eliot to Richard Poirier:

> Mr. Eliot allowed that *he* didn't know of any ending that was better than Mark Twain's ending, and Mr. Trilling said it was fit that I should finish up where I started out, only a thousand miles south. . . . Well, there was this crickit named Mr. Henry Seidel Canby, and he got hopping mad. He said that there warn't no ending *worse* than that ending, and that Mark Twain ought to be shot for writing it, but he had died anyway, so nobody took him up on it.

Huck, sensitive to the charges made against Twain's novel (that the ending is false, that linguistic and imaginative prudery suppresses Huck's adolescent sexuality, that the episodes don't really hang together), has decided to tell it like it was.

The approving comments about Seelye's performance by a number of critics is somewhat intimidating. Fiedler, for instance, one of Huck's "crickits," believes that Seelye has "with great discretion and integrity" recovered "that . . . better book" which "other American novelists" believe is buried "in Twain's marvelous book." Frankly, I don't understand the claim. Much of Seelye's version is a direct appropriation of the book. Seelye, in scholarly fashion, refuses to take unnecessary liberties. He allows Huck greater freedom of speech and a richer erotic imagination—though, it must be said, that Huck is a strikingly unprecocious adolescent, sexually speaking, by contemporary standards. The furthest he gets is a bit of soul kissing with a harelipped girl and a dubious dream about snakes, oddly confirmed by the reality of the Dauphin's hand on his thigh when he awakens from the dream. Huck's language is for the most part fastidious, with only a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

token gesture to "authentic" dirty talk.

The real innovation in the book is the conclusion. Seelye cuts out the romantic intrigue contrived by Tom Sawyer for Nigger Jim's escape and instead allows Jim to die in flight from white pursuers, while Huck's suffering conscience is revealed as he reluctantly but surely tries to help Jim escape. The novel ends with Huck bitter and lonely, now bereft of the only friend he ever had:

> Being out there all alone at that time of night is the lonesomest a body can be. The stars seem miles and miles away, like the lights of houses in a valley when somebody stops on a hill to look back before going on down the road, leaving them all behind forever; and my soul sucked up whatever spark of brashness and gayness I had managed to strike up since that afternoon, and then all the miserableness come back, worse than ever before. But dark as it was and lonesome as it was, I didn't have no wish for daylight to come. In fact, I didn't much care if the goddam sun never come up again.

How then to decide between the two endings? Tom Sawyer's hocus-pocus in the Twain version does get a bit tedious, and it does contribute to the sense the reader has of a fairy-tale finish. But does the fairy-tale finish weaken the authenticity of the novel? Jim's freedom at the end may be wish fulfillment, Huck and Twain's, but the adventures are governed by a strong magical sense of reality. The demonic is present in the malevolence of the people on land and of the river itself when treacherous. But the hairbreadth escapes and the sudden yields of luck and nourishment from the river create an atmosphere of plausibility for the ending.

As often noted, the moral *realism* of the novel is in the predicament of Huck's conscience. Conscience for Huck is upholding the white law against runaway slaves, while "viciousness" (which Huck always opts for in a crisis) is the virtue of compassion for society's victim. Huck's soul is an arena in which the law, i.e., social conscience, contends with "criminality," i.e., individual conscience. The victor, despite Huck's equivocations, is criminality or individual conscience. Twain's magical sense of reality does not undermine his realistic depiction of Huck's moral equivocations and choices. The marvel of the novel is in how splendidly the magical and the realistic work together.

Seelye's ending, it seems to me, exorcises the magic in favor of a portentous existentialism (which others might call realism). Jim's freedom at the end of Twain's novel may be factitious, from a realistic point of view—but so is so much else in the novel, for instance the shenanigans of the Duke and Dauphin. Jim's freedom keeps the fantastic element alive at the end. Whereas Jim's drowning by the weight of his chains and Huck's alienation from the natural world as well as society (in the Seelye version) upset the balance between fantasy and reality in the novel. The *truth* of the novel is in that balance. It should be said in Seelye's behalf that he is in superb command of Huck's idiom, so that one can accept the ending though one feels it inferior to that of the original.

The propriety of the ending has been long debated and will continue to be debated in the criticism. The intriguing problem that Seelye's performance proposes, however, is not so much the interpretation of the novel, implied by the way he concludes the book, but the fact that he chose to write criticism by rewriting the novel. Benjamin DeMott has speculated that the new genre that this book exemplifies may be one answer to the exhaustion of dissertation subjects for the Ph.D. If so, I think it a regrettable development.

A classic work as an opportunity for a tract about our times is legitimate—though I think Hodgart has misused his opportunity. It is also a fact of creative literature that writers re-enact in their own imaginative ways the literature of the past. Hemingway spoke truth when he said that all modern American literature comes from *Huck Finn*. But it is more difficult to discover the value of revising a classic. For one thing, the act of revision creates the illusion of a creative act, whereas it is at best a critical act. And the best criticism is the criticism which argues and gives reasons—which doesn't preclude imagining alternative endings for a work, for instance, but which does insist on arguing for them. In short, Seelye's performance is neither adequately critical nor creative.

What is it then? Perhaps an exercise for writers or critics who are studying the making of the book, who are, that is, trying to get the experience that went into the writing of the book. I recall as an undergraduate in a course given by Mark Van Doren in narrative art being asked on an examination to rewrite in outline the story of the *Odyssey* with a character other than Odysseus as the hero of the story. My hero was Telemachus who was convenient up to a point, but in forcing myself to stick with the choice I had made, I found that much of the episodic richness of the epic had to go. Odysseus was the perfect epic hero and Telemachus was not. It was a valuable exercise for experiencing a perception, but it was only an exercise preliminary to the act of critical understanding which had not yet taken place.

It is, I think, pretentious to speak of the revision as a creative act. What can Fiedler possibly mean when he characterizes Seelye's version of Huck Finn as a "considerable addition to American literature"? Does a literary work fulfill itself in the mind of the critic? □

The Ballad of Banner, Miss.

LOSING BATTLES. *By Eudora Welty. Random House. 436 pp. $7.95.*

ROBERT J. GRIFFIN

Mr. Griffin teaches English at Yale and is currently working on anthologies of American literature and contemporary poetry.

Since 1941 with *Curtain of Green*, her first collection of stories, Eudora Welty has enjoyed a fairly long and crowded career: four volumes of stories, three novels (counting that tall-tale fable, *The Robber Bridegroom*), a collection of critical essays and a children's book—each work impressive not only in its own right but also by virtue of its difference from the others. Miss Welty is blessed with an unusual range and versatility.

Yet a writer as gifted as she is may be in danger of spending her special talents too lavishly, and Miss Welty has not always been frugal with her penchant for figurative prose. This inclination toward, in Isaac Rosenfeld's phrase, "an aesthetic of presentation" is visible now and again in *Curtain of Green*, probably at its worst in "Flowers for Marjorie," a story that seems to have been written for an art-house movie in collaboration with Ben Hecht. In the second collection the inclination becomes almost an artiness for artiness' sake. Too many passages in *The Wide Net* have the air of showpieces, proud verbal tours de force; they have a sirup which pours well enough but finally cloys. *The Golden Apples* might have been a better sequence of stories without so complex an overlay of mythic allusion.

These are of course matters of taste. Those, like myself, who prefer their Welty with little "poetic" embroidery

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

may find the opening paragraphs of *Losing Battles* ominous.

> When the rooster crowed, the moon had still not left the world but was going down on flushed cheek, one day short of the full. A long thin cloud crossed it slowly, drawing itself out like a name being called. The air changed, as if a mile or so away a wooden door had swung open, and a smell, more of warmth than wet, from a river at low stage, moved upward into the clay hills that stood in darkness.

The next three paragraphs boast twenty-four more similes and metaphors. Poetry enow. Thereafter, however, the novel is mostly straight narrative and dialogue. Miss Welty doesn't neglect exercising her genuine gift for imagery when occasion requires, but she knows how to let her characters do most of the talking —and a marvelous lot of talkers they are. The vivid garrulity of these dirt farmers reminds us that the South is our Ireland.

Losing Battles, then, is not a fancy lyric novel. It is Miss Welty's *The Reivers*, a mellow comic tale. Longer, fuller, better really than *The Reivers*. *Losing Battles* is reminiscent not only of Faulkner but of much of the best of Southern comedy, including Mark Twain and even Erskine Caldwell (minus the raunchy part; Miss Welty remains a lady).

It starts slowly. Much of Part I is devoted to filling in the background on Jack Renfro, the embodiment of the family's future; and some of the devices used for this filling in look pretty dubious at first. The way, for instance, people are supposed to call out things in unison. " 'And been switched for it!' they cheered." " 'Pretty as she can be!' exclaimed the aunts." " 'Teacher's too young and green,' voices teased." These are choruses we doubt ever got chorused.

Another problem is the way the background story gets parceled out among various members present at the family reunion, orchestrated in a kind of folksy fugue. Or is this a problem? The real problem may be the reader's readiness to judge the book by literary standards that do not apply. After a while one senses that the initially disturbing devices aren't accidents or miscalculations spoiling an intended realism; that, in fact, they help to define the real generic quality of *Losing Battles*—namely, the quality of *ballad*, not unlike the folk-tale nature of Steinbeck's peasant stories or of *Bonnie and Clyde*. In this regard, *Losing Battles* may be a little closer to the tall-tale technique of *The Robber Bridegroom* than to the discreet magnolia realism of *Delta Wedding*. Otherwise *Delta Wedding* is the earlier work this new novel most resembles. Both focus on a Mississippi family reunion, there for a wedding, here for the 90th birthday of Granny Vaughn, matriarch of the large Beecham clan. The occasion of reunion allows the novelist to concentrate on two factors always important in her fiction, family and place.

Family is the almost mystical locus of love, commitment, primordial loyalty. The members of the Vaughn-Beecham-Renfro circle exhibit a pride of family so intense as to be positively irrational—not just nonrational, quite anti-rational. They allow Jack to be sent off to prison, because telling the cause of the trouble that made him seem a thief would be a family indignity. Jack escapes from prison (one day before he is due to be released for good behavior) because he just *has* to get back for Granny's birthday. In *Delta Wedding* one of the Fairchild girls wrote in her diary, "all together we have a wall, we are self-sufficient against people that come up knocking, we are solid to the outside." Likewise the Vaughn-Beecham-Renfros. Not really, in practical terms, as self-sufficient as the much more affluent Fairchilds, they are nonetheless intent on maintaining their solidity; it's just about all they have. Clearly Miss Welty finds this fascinating. She doesn't exactly propose it as a model; she realizes that the family in this larger sense is a thing of the misty past. Yet she seems to mourn the loss.

Place. These people are so much of the earth earthy that you feel they must have sprung from that hard red clay as naturally as the scrubby trees and weeds. *Losing Battles* is prefaced, as was *Delta Wedding* before it, with a hand-drawn map whose narrow bounds define the limits of the lives and dreams of most of the novel's major characters. Jack Renfro typically, though he has seen a little in his journeys to and from the state prison at Parchman, can scarcely imagine any use for the world beyond the area of Banner, Miss. He knows this area as intimately as an old farm wife knows her troublesome wood stove, and he knows in his bones (most of the knowledge displayed in *Losing Battles* is bone knowledge) that this is not simply his home, it is his fate.

Is there a note of condescension in Miss Welty's treatment of these people? They are so very primitive, most of them, so resolutely myopic, so devoid of the kind of self-consciousness that might help to boost them out of the rut. Perhaps a sense of superior detachment is the risk one must run in avoiding sentimentality. At least she doesn't pretend that these primitives are altogether noble; if they don't know the costs of their limitations, she does. And there is the diverting grace of comedy. The sometimes farcical rush of coincidence piled on coincidence would be a bother if this weren't precisely that kind of book: an outrageously comic explosion of naturalistic "history," all the better for occasional moments of lyric tenderness or elegiac nostalgia.

A novel with so many incidents and characters packed into its brief two-day span is bound to suffer some embarrassment in its riches. No individual gets the chance to reveal all the nooks and crannies of his character; no one has time to grow. The most interesting, visionary, heroic, and finally pathetic character is the demanding old schoolmistress, Julia Mortimer. Yet she is present here only in the reports of others, variously biased—and, at the last, in her grave. In the next to last section of Part V (there are six parts in all) we get a clear glimpse of Jack's younger brother Vaughn, as close as we ever come to getting inside a character, just enough to make us wish for more. Still, we could call this a novel of character, meaning the character of an old-time family then and there, with Granny and the elders for its memory, Jack for its young stout heart.

While often riotously funny, *Losing Battles* is also a rather sad, depressing book. All the battles—with the depleted soil and unmanageable climate, with predatory outsider entrepreneurs, with education and any hope of advancement beyond the improbable luck of a good crop year—all seem lost from the outset, by definition unwinnable. Jack does manage at last, by dint of native strength and ingenuity, to rescue Judge Moody's Buick from its ludicrous perch on the ridge of Banner Top. But this is at best a fleeting victory of personal pride; Jack loses the makeshift truck he had built part by part, and the battle-dazed Moodies can find little solace in what's left of their once fine "pleasure car." Jack's wife Gloria holds on to the hope that her little family can some day escape the clutches of Jack's dedication to clan, but there is no indication that they'll ever move farther away than just beyond the next dry creek bed. The novel is set in the depression thirties, without any prospect of better days ahead. Such days would be for the world out-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

side; in Banner, Miss., entropy reigns.

At the close of the novel Jack is delighted to find that his old horse Dan has escaped the fate of being rendered ("Dan, you're alive. You lived through it!"), suggesting perhaps the endurance of sheer animal vitality. But this is at most a triumph by symbolism. It may impart to sophisticated readers a sense of affirmation; but it cannot give the characters in the novel any assurance of good prospects. In fact, to the extent that Miss Welty's characters are optimistic, they are foolhardy. If the book celebrates the wonder of simple survival—not winning, just the will to keep going—it does so without presuming that Jack's mindless good humor is an imitable strength. Though Jack is last heard singing a buoyant hymn ("We shall come rejoicing, / Bringing in the sheaves!"), we know full well that the sheaves gathered on Banner land will be few and far between.

I could be taking things too seriously. *Losing Battles*, in its self-defined genre of bucolic ballad, may be meant to defy the critic's appetite for message. This much is certain: the book is amply equipped to entertain. A fit culmination to a distinguished career, *Losing Battles* is also, like each of its predecessors, a new departure. Miss Welty has passed 60 and seems to be getting younger every year, the alert mistress of an imagination that never simply survives. It continues to grow and triumph, to bring in rich sheaves for our rejoicing. □

La Raza in Revolt

SAL SI PUEDES: Cesar Chavez and the New American Revolution. *By Peter Matthiessen. Random. 372 pp. $6.95.*

TIJERINA AND THE COURTHOUSE RAID. *By Peter Nabokov. University of New Mexico Press. 296 pp. $6.95.*

ROY BONGARTZ
Mr. Bongartz, author of Twelve Chases on West 99th Street *(Houghton Mifflin), is a free-lance writer and has been a* Nation *contributor for many years.*

Angry energies are exploding the long-suffering forbearance of rural Mexican-Americans to their almost hopeless lives as migratory farm workers. The clear sign of this turmoil lies in the appearance in the past few years of militant leaders who bear no resemblance to the earlier models of these people, figureheads who were Anglo-aping assimilationists despising their own culture and language, and, in secret ways, despising themselves too. The major examples of this volatile new rural revolutionary are Cesar Chavez and Reies Tijerina, the subjects of these two recent books.

What they are fighting against—Chavez in California and Tijerina in New Mexico—is familiar: the exploitation of human resources by white-skinned landowners and governmental indifference to that exploitation. Mexican-Americans, who have been denied use of public grazing lands in New Mexico, draw a blank from Anglo officials, who see them only as a brown, troublesome blur. In the view of the California growers, the grape strike is the work of evil, self-gratifying agitators who want to put the farms out of business. The fact is that recognition of farm workers' rights to organize unions—already established in every other area of American labor—is at least a quarter of a century late. Anti-union action from federal agencies down to local sheriffs' deputies every day is showing *la raza*—"the people," as Mexican-Americans call themselves—how closely allied are the growers and government forces. They have no one to turn to but themselves.

This coldness to the Mexican-American demand for a better life goes all the way to the White House. While campaigning, Richard Nixon condemned the California grape boycott, giving as his reason that "we have laws on the books to protect workers who wish to organize, a National Labor Relations Board to impartially supervise the election of collective-bargaining agents." The fallacy was of course that the farm workers are not in that picture at all; as Rep. James O'Hara of Michigan told his colleagues at the time: "It is a crude deception to condemn the grape boycott as a 'descent into lawlessness,' while referring to laws which someone of Mr. Nixon's background knows full well do not apply to farm workers."

Against such out-of-hand denials of their rights to organize, the Mexican-Americans had the great good fortune to see rise among them a real leader, Chavez, whose tenacious version of non-violence rings absolutely true to his people. Without laws to help them in any way, they have had only the picket line as a means of communicating their determination. "The picket line is a beautiful thing because it does something to a human being," says Chavez.

> People associate strikes with violence and we've removed the violence. Then people begin to understand what we're doing, you know. And after that, they're not afraid. And if you're not afraid of that kind of thing, then you're not afraid of guns. If you have a gun and they do too, then you can be frightened because it becomes a question of who gets shot first. But if you have no gun and they have one, then—well, the guy with the gun has a lot harder decision to make than you have.

Peter Matthiessen, the naturalist and novelist, brings a great deal of personal attachment to his account of Chavez and his fellow organizers. Matthiessen spent many weeks with them as they carried out various boycott actions, made friends with them, and got them to talk freely to him. He makes no pretense of taking any objective stand between the farm workers and growers: "The farm workers' plight is related to all of America's most serious afflictions: racism, poverty, environmental pollution, and urban crowding and decay—all of these compounded by the waste of war." But he is a good and honest reporter, and as far as he was able to get the growers to talk to him, he gives them their say; he clearly sympathizes with some small growers who are caught between the huge agribusiness competition and union demands.

Matthiessen is most skillful at bringing his people to life: the shy Chavez with his amazing bursts of brilliant good cheer that take everyone around him along, and his quiet, rocklike intransigence on such matters as violence or racism. Chavez's big family and his occasionally headstrong colleagues are also vividly seen, as are the thousands of nameless field workers who make a kind of ever-present background. One of the sharpest scenes Matthiessen describes shows a young Mexican "green-carder" working in the grapes, being furiously cajoled by strikers to come out and join them; everyone is watching him: his fellow workers, the foreman and the hopeful picketers. He stands, begins moving out to the road, then falters, stops and goes back. Later, when Matthiessen managed to ask him why he had not walked out, he replied: "The whole world was awaiting me, and I became afraid."

LOVE POEM

In the still
voice
of your blood
my life wanders.
A quiet prayer.

Jay Boyer

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But the center of the book is of course Chavez. In the depths of this soulful leader, Matthiessen sees "the simple love of man that accompanies some ultimate acceptance of oneself. It is this love in Chavez that one sees and resists naming, because to name it is to cheapen it; not the addled love that hides self-pity but a love that does not distinguish between oneself and others, a love so clear in its intensity that it is monastic, even mystical."

To compare this abiding strength in Chavez with Reies Tijerina's characteristic anger is like pitting the noonday sun against a sputtering holiday sparkler. The two leaders are totally unalike. Tijerina is a former hell-and-damnation evangelist who later formed a desert utopia called the Valley of Peace. He frequently fights bitterly with his many brothers and with his followers. And the concerns of old Spanish land-grant rights are quite separate, too, from the Californians' union troubles. What is the same is the poverty of the people and the stone wall of bland indifference to their demands for justice that they encounter in state and federal officials.

The sheepherders of New Mexico had looked to Tijerina's Alianza organization to obtain for them grazing rights on federal lands denied to them but regularly accorded to Anglos. These Mexican-Americans, who have even hoped to recover historic ownership of some of those lands their ancestors lost in the old-time American land grab, need an imaginative and effective leader just as much as the Californians do. But not everyone can be a Chavez. When Tijerina made a hell-raising speech at a California meeting of the farm workers, a union man said afterward: "You get spoiled working for Cesar. When I see a person ranting and raving, it turns me off." To a large degree this matter of style may account for Tijerina's inability to win national support for his people's cause.

Tijerina's volatile, hell-for-leather nature would certainly make a rewarding study; but Peter Nabokov, who was a Santa Fe reporter at the time of the notorious raid, is more interested in the circle of the events than in the former Alianza leader. [Tijerina has recently resigned as president. See *The Nation*, April 20.] Nabokov is halfway through his book before Tijerina is even directly introduced, and nowhere do we feel we are in the presence of a real person. We get only tantalizing, unsatisfying glimpses, and the biographical material is skimpy and short of fact.

The events that made Tijerina famous

THE GOSSIP
(for Charles Olson)

how many days to the end?
Olson's in the cancer ward
in voice 6 foot 8 into the child
big/ notice him maximum
this is the last time
holding the continent to the hug.

the visits have started
the endless talk.
without heros
we settle for how men die
in the gossip of friends
and still
it is love
even with the future
reading in the liver
/ the divination:

we sit in bars
in details of the dying liver.
we put the liver out
and read the future.
the voice fills the wards of
energy. how long does it last?

I never got myself to go to the man.
I had nothing to say to him
or maybe
would have said
hello
and waited with the event
already—yes—when I met Olson
—or—when I got there he . . .

but I saw his Gloucester and his sea
while his cancer worked on him.

his mind becomes his poems the booming
voice. Basil says the nurses are
frightened. they have never heard a man
die like the big Swede. the poems
explode into the end

the voice
becomes
the total

ENERGY.
it is all kinetic now.

Harry Lewis

SMALL ELEGY

In a week when pilot whales beached on the Florida coast,
Charles Olson died.
Whale master,
I school their souls to heaven on your flow.

Jerome Mazzaro

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

began in the spring of 1967, when these sheepherders, who had waited a year for the arrival of an Assistant Secretary of Agriculture at a hearing about their grievances, were finally met only by a regional forester, who ended the meeting early, while most of the herdsmen were still on their way in. Forest fires later broke out, and Tijerina announced a conference of members of his "free city states" who were talking of setting up roadblocks and issuing visas at the boundaries of their claimed domains. The night before this planned meeting, the state district attorney had eighteen Alianza members picked up and arrested without charges and jailed in the Sante Fe lockup; later they were arraigned in the courthouse of Tierra Amarilla, near the Alianza's claimed lands, on charges of unlawful assembly.

It was during this action that Tijerina and other Alianza rebels stormed and captured the courthouse, released their buddies, shot up the building and some police cars, shot a guard, and escaped with two hostages. The National Guard was called out; police rounded up scores of Alianza members at a barbecue, including many women and children, handcuffed them, and herded them into a cattle pen for the night. A year and a half later, Tijerina, acting as his own counsel, was acquitted by a jury of all charges in that raid. At a second trial, however, he was convicted on two other counts, and is now in prison.

The scene in New Mexico looks more like the wild and woolly West, with all the gunfire, and the Federals called out, than the much more patient picketing of Chavez's California people, where strikers have been injured mostly by trucks driven into them at high speed rather than by gunfire. In a way the leaders involved reflect their own people: the California union members are willing to work patiently for years ahead; the Alianza, in colder, harder, more violent country, are more like the old Mexican revolutionaries, a lot faster on the draw. These varying kinds of militancy of course reflect similar breakaways in our other minorities. But in each case the issues remain unresolved: with very few exceptions the contracts have not yet been signed by the growers in California; in New Mexico the Alianza forces are no closer to reclaiming their old land grants.

What is clear from both of these books, however, is that the Mexican-American is no longer dozing docilely under the old sombrero; he is waving banners showing the black eagle of the union, and sometimes even brandishing a shotgun. And he is wide awake. □

Smart Set

EXILES. *By Michael J. Arlen. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 226 pp. $6.95.*

GINA MALLET
Miss Mallet is writing a book about England in the twenties.

The two people who look out from the dust cover of *Exiles* convey a style, a period, a state of mind, a way of life that marks them forever as inhabitants of that place in time—between the wars. They are perambulating arm in arm through what appears to be a formal garden. She is dressed modishly in a costume that both trails and clings; he is wearing a double-breasted gray suit with a white shirt and, a Laval touch, a white tie. They face the camera with rather tremulous assurance. Something about their look brings to mind an old photograph of the three Scott Fitzgeralds holding hands in front of a Christmas tree, their left legs swinging gently in front of their right legs in an apparent preliminary to a little skip of joy. This is all very appropriate, for the couple on the cover of Michael J. Arlen's book are, of course, his parents, Michael Arlen and the former Countess Atalanta Mercati, charming people indeed but ultimately, lost deserted ghosts.

The cover is not misleading: Michael J. Arlen has captured his parents, resurrected them really with the precision and delicacy of a pointillist. He writes of them and of himself with an immediacy and an intimacy that loses neither detachment nor humor. Eschewing the more conventional forms of biography, he shrugs off chronology and lets his memory wander seemingly at will: Almost haphazardly, there emerges a complete mosaic of life with the Arlens, a mosaic into which the character of Michael Arlen's achievement falls gently into place even as it dominates the book.

Who exactly was Michael Arlen, that authentic if dimming legend of the twenties? On a visit to London in 1952, he gave his version: "The writer of the stories by Michael Arlen is an Armenian born in Bulgaria. On deciding to leave that wretched country at the age of three, and on arriving at Dover at the age of four, he asked his way to the nearest Duchess. He was, if one may judge by his stories, misdirected. However, he enjoyed for a short time in the twenties an almost international reputation as a leading authority on matters of no importance whatsoever."

That was the fifties speaking, not the twenties, and Arlen had by then lost his hunger for success that made him—well, an attractive bounder. Dikran Kouyoumdjian wrote fourteen books, the first one published in 1920 when he was 25 and after he had changed his name to Michael Arlen. Then in 1924, he drew a bead on his generation and wrote *The Green Hat* which said a lot to the generation *manqué*, those spiritual relics of the Great War. Following in the steps of Ouida, Elinor Glyn, with a nod to E. Phillips Oppenheim, he hit upon the overwhelming if repressed obsession of the twenties—sex. Oh, not the kind of preoccupation with sexual techniques that we have today but the Freudian assumption of its omnipresence. *The Green Hat* told the story of a beautiful and emancipated woman, no Christabel Pankhurst however, of shabby elegance and genteel promiscuity. Adultery, syphilis, star-crossed lovers: "Heavens! What a lot that man knows about men and women—especially women." Shameless and shameful, the critics loved it.

The Green Hat, pour le sport and bravely worn, made Michael Arlen into a newfangled person, a celebrity. After that, a kiss on the top of a bus wasn't enough; romance was a date at the Ritz bar with two men-about-town and a girl who didn't know which one carried her key. If Michael Arlen didn't actually dine on the Duke of Westminster's yacht, he certainly supped with Otto Kahn. He entered the world of the smart set, the Café Royal and Nancy Cunard, of Edward of Wales and Elsa Maxwell. He was flattered, courted, lionized—people in Detroit named their children after him. And suitably enough, at his zenith, he married a countess, a woman who like himself sprang from an uprooted background, the child of an in-again-out-again Greek courtier and a strong-willed, unconventional American mother, but someone superficially secure in the great world. They lived in the south of France among such neighbors as the Gerald Murphys, Willie Maugham and Lady Mendl. Arlen had a yellow Rolls-Royce, pots of money, Savile Row suits (a joy to his tailor, he mingled black and white pearls on his shirt front), all the success a man could want—everything.

And this is where, chronologically speaking, Michael J. Arlen's story begins, for he was born in 1930, just six years after *The Green Hat* and just eight years before Munich and only twenty-five years before Michael Arlen died of cancer in a Park Avenue apartment. Michael J. came along when the balloon was beginning to lose air (an unkind critic called his father "more brilliantine

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

than brilliant"): so that his memories of his parents and his evocation of their earlier brilliance is haunted with sadness and a sense of failure, particularly since his story is about the private Arlens and not their public façade.

With the outbreak of World War II, Michael Arlen was rejected by his adopted country, England. The Arlens become glamorous refugees in America where their *élan*, their gaiety, their chic dwindles in philistia. They hold their heads high but this isn't their turf. Arlen goes again to Hollywood in a Last Tycoonish way and doesn't click. He writes nothing and his wife starts to drink. Publicly he plays epigrammatist for the columnists: "Most Novelists are very unattractive. They have to base their knowledge of women on conversation or having slept with the housekeeper."

Domestically, the Arlens become uneasily American, parents yet no parents. Michael J. suffers at St. Paul's because his parents don't live in Greenwich, Conn., and are in fact unidentifiable and, he suspects, unacceptable in new world terms. Later, in a final irony, they metamorphose into archetypes of parental fear and anxiety. "Your mother and I didn't send you to all those schools, St. Paul's, Harvard . . . all those schools for you to end up driving a truck."

Even as the elder Arlens are dissolving into limbo, so Michael J. is struggling to assert himself. As he looms, so they diminish. But when purely autobiographical, his writing loses some of its sure touch. Falling in love with adolescent desperation, striking out on his own, cutting the umbilical cord guiltily but inevitably, he often seems in danger of wandering off to join Clarence Day and Patrick Dennis in the shallower reaches of family recollections. The finest parts of the book are when he is playing straight man to his father: watching Michael Arlen's life begin to go in the Hotel Lotti in Paris; observing a prewar Christmas with the Anglo-Armenian Kouyoumdjians, hanging around as a self-effacing participant in an awkward family vacation one winter at the Homestead.

This is a harrowing description of people removed from their milieu, treading alien ground, unable to find success or even find their feet. Michael J. sees them unsparingly, unsentimentally, and the nearest he comes to a judgment is when he defines their mutual plight: "They were also, both of them in a kind of exile, and sought to find a home, a country in one another, and very nearly did, came as close as maybe it

SIXTH ANNUAL
SOCIALIST SCHOLARS CONFERENCE

JUNE 13 and 14*

Intermediate School No. 70

(17th St., bet. 8th and 9th Aves., N.Y.C.)

This year's panels will focus on Changes in American Institutions, The Relation between Marxist Traditions and New Left Theory, The Third World and its Effects on the American Empire, and The Future of the American "Movement."

The participants, representing differing perspectives and viewpoints, will confront questions of both immediate political relevance and long-range theoretical importance.

** Note change of schedule from September*

PANELS (SUBJECT TO REVISION)

ADMINISTRATIVE CORPORATISM—Charles Wheatley (Princeton); Paul S. Sweezy *(Monthly Review)*

CAUSES OF WOMENS OPPRESSION—Roxanne Dunbar *(No More Fun and Games)*; Evelyn Reed (author, "Problems of Womens Liberation")

THE MILITARY IN LATIN AMERICA—Richard Garza (U.S. Committee on Latin American Prisoners); Timothy Harding (Univ. of Calif.)

PARTY AND CLASS / STATE AND REVOLUTION—Raymond Franklin (Queens College); Paul Buhle *(Radical America)*

RADICAL FICTION IN THE 1930's: FARRELL, SERGE, HERBST, ZUGSMITH, TROTSKY—Edgar M. Branch (Miami Univ. of Ohio); Richard Greeman (Wesleyan Univ.); Annette T. Rubinstein (*Science and Society*); Paul N. Siegel (L.I.U.)

ECOLOGY AND SOCIALISM—Murray Bookchin (Ecology East); Richard Friedman (Essex County College)

POLITICAL ECONOMY OF WOMENS LIBERATION—Margaret Benston (Simon Frazer University)

TOWARD A SOCIALIST STRATEGY—Karl Klare (Adelphi); Ed Greer (Wheaton); Paul Buhle *(Radical America)*; Stanley Aronowitz

THE METHODOLOGY OF WILLIAM A. WILLIAMS—Fred Ciporen (Wisconsin)

MARXISM, SOCIALISM AND REVOLUTION IN LATIN AMERICA—Peter Roman (Princeton); Robert Rhodes (Harpur)

THE FUTURE OF THE CATHOLIC LEFT IN AMERICA—Martin Corbin *(Catholic Worker)*; Thomas Casey (Marist College); Joseph Cunneen *(Cross Currents)*; Jerry McLoone (College of New Rochelle)

THE OLD RIGHT AND THE NEW LEFT—Leonard Liggio (C.C.N.Y.); Murray Rothbard (Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn)

ECONOMIC IMPERIALISM—Richard Wolff (C.C.N.Y.); Steven Hymer (Yale)

THE RADICAL RIGHT AND THE WORKING CLASS—William Frain (College of New Rochelle); Louis Lipsitz (University of North Carolina); George Flanagan (Fordham)

URBAN PLANNING—Larry Sawers (American University); Jill Hamburg (U.P.A. Cambridge); Elliott Sclar (Cambridge Institute)

Schedule: June 13—10:00 A.M. to 10:00 P.M.

June 14—10:00 A.M. to 6:00 P.M.

(Child Care will be available)

Contribution $10.00

Students ..... $ 5.00

For Pre-registration and detailed information, write to:

SOCIALIST SCHOLARS CONFERENCE
P.O. BOX 933
NEW BRUNSWICK, NEW JERSEY 08903

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is possible to do, but they were so deep in exile when they met. . . ."

There are intimations in *Exiles* that Michael Arlen worried about the fragility of his success. In fact, in 1936 he almost bolted wife, family, villa. He came back. He never apologized, never explained, but in the Park Avenue days when his son listened to him pacing endlessly up and down in his study, was he reliving his life as Dikran Kouyoumdjian, an Armenian Arnold Bennett, or was he simply wishing to be young again and wearing an Astrakhan coat? When a reporter asked him what he thought of himself as an artist, he replied "Per ardua ad Astrakhan." As his son says, he was good at that sort of thing. □

THEATRE / Harold Clurman

The production of George Kaufman and Marc Connelly's *Beggar on Horseback* at the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center is all error. Originally produced in 1924 it was an adaptation of a German Expressionist play and had in it a pinch of novelty. It kidded Babbittry, a mode which had become fashionable in the theatre when it was already passé in literature.

Still, the original production did not strain to wow its audience. The Cadys were presented as a typical *nouveau riche* business family, foolish and culturally backward remnants of the prewar era. Papa and Mama were dull, their daughter passably absurd, their son bilious: "Homer is sick," Mama kept explaining—which was funny.

Roland Young as the fledgling composer played in a low key that was almost touching and credible enough for the play's purpose. The music composed to represent his "genius" was by Deems Taylor, inoffensively sweet and correct; the pantomime to which it was an accompaniment was pleasantly conventional. The scenes in which the young composer dreams of the frustrations of his proposed marriage to the Cady girl were mildly amusing. It was all quite thin, but agreeably "daring" for Broadway's populace at the time.

They try to "modernize" it at Lincoln Center with the modernism Balanchine once described as "so old-fashioned." There is only a slight difference between the scenes of reality and the dream sequences. There is something of a Sam Goldwyn musical about it all, a silly and costly trickiness. The stylization has little relation to what is presumably being satirized. The added songs and music are inept. The explicitness of the staging negates imagination.

It is bad enough when the Repertory Theater does inferior productions of worthy texts; it is intolerable when the company applies dismal lavishness to threadbare material of no possible present interest.

At its best there is a harsh realism in Ed Bullins' work. Never altogether "naturalistic," his writing possesses a cutting objectivity. Bullins tells you what he has seen—it is rarely pretty—and you draw your own conclusions.

The Pig Pen (The American Place Theatre) succeeds in being both "a slice of life" and a visionary evocation. There is something at once disturbing and gratifying about it. It disturbs because it shows us black youth at the time of Malcolm X's death (February 1965) as being as madly muddled as any similar white bunch of the same generation and station. Yet this "group portrait" of moral and mental disarray is heartening in its candor and intensity. It also imparts a sense of impending storm which may offer compensations.

The scene is one of those pads in Glendale, Calif., which are reasonably homey in a functional way, the kind of place in which Los Angeles actors of mean income live. This is the home of Len Stover, a college-educated Negro of "radical" opinion. He is married to a white girl (probably Jewish) and he keeps open house for friends and acquaintances of similar stripe—black and white. He educates the less privileged of his people in the problems of the black man by getting them to read Garvey, Du Bois, Ralph Ellison, LeRoi Jones. He is opposed to the extremes of black nationalism and takes offense when one of the blacks refers to a white guest as a "cracker."

We witness a party at Stover's place. Sharon, Stover's wife, smokes grass from daybreak to dusk as do most of the others. They drink heavily, dance with great erotic freedom to the boom-bang of a neighborly band. Between the pot and the booze, the shindig is always on the verge of fisticuffs and quasi-political quarrels (Stover is outraged when he is accused of not being "black" enough). There is also open fornication with Sharon by any or all. Is this sexual permissiveness on Stover's part or contempt for his apparently nymphomaniac and generally unhinged wife?

The play is a whirlpool of generous impulses crossed with barely repressed hostilities, hopes, spiritual turbulence and addled thinking which foreshadow destruction, redemption or both. A symbolic policeman, with an American flag plastered on his fat paunch, enters as a shadowy menace wielding a night stick, while at he same time joining in and enjoying the lubricious proceedings. He is the "pig" of the title, but the collective image is porcine with an admixture of mangled lyricism. We are in the midst of our modern chaos. All ends in mess and distress with the announcement of the assassination of Malcolm X. There is no proclaimed "solution." This is the way things now appear, though the date of the play suggests that Bullins believes that in the seventies they will resolve themselves otherwise.

The production under Dick Williams' direction has a planned raggedness, as if the play had all been improvised rather than written. The style is therefore exactly right (even to the moments of excessive duration) and the performance by the whole cast is entirely convincing. *The Pig Pen* is the best thing done at the American Place Theatre this season.

In *Lemon Sky*, 33-year-old Lanford Wilson has written the narrative drama of a 17-year-old boy's memory of his troubled relationship with his father (Playhouse Theatre: 357 West 48 Street). The locale is San Diego, where the boy, Alan, rejoins his father, Douglas, after some years of separation. Douglas has divorced Alan's mother (back in Nebraska) and married a woman whom Alan has never met. He now has two half-brothers, aged 12 and 8, whom he has not previously seen. Besides his wife and two children, Douglas' household shelters two girls as wards of the state; an orphan now at school and a reformed whore who is addicted to tranquilizers.

The encounter is bruising for Alan. He is fond of his sensible stepmother and his little half-brothers, but his "old man," Douglas, is boorish and mindlessly brutal. He is not exceptionally so, but Alan is a sensitive youth and suffers from parental browbeating. No dramatically momentous events ensue from Alan's stay in his temporary home: we are simply invited to study the tensions between father and son, the not extraordinary complications of the contacts among all these basically ordinary unhappy people.

The play is fluently and honestly written. It tries to avoid banality by scrambling time sequence and by having the characters address the audience from the stage. Much of the exposition, some of the characterization, and what used to be called "psychology" are conveyed by

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this device. For all that, the play reminds one of the realism of the American novel of the twenties: Sherwood Anderson, Ona Gale and others, spiced wih present-day forthrightness.

A sympathetic, well-chosen company acts it and Warren Enters has directed it intelligently. Wilson has talent and this play marks an advance for him, an advance in the treatment of "average" folk rather than the determinedly sick ones on whom earlier he had chiefly concentrated. In *Lemon Sky* we are in a normal world, not in the hothouse of bewildering pathologies which many writers at present offer as representative of humanity.

The realism of this play, despite its notes of humor, seemed to me a little dreary. But, I hasten to add, I prefer its authentic Americanism to the chromatic demonology which a number of Wilson's contemporaries derive from certain European models. I imagine that a considerable audience shares this preference and will like this play. □

DANCE

NANCY GOLDNER

At a time when establishments are being bombarded with criticism, one establishment is doing just fine. It's England's Royal Ballet, which has been performing at the Metropolitan Opera House from April 21 through May 31. There is a sense of well-being about the Royal. It is big, lush, plush and comfy, although not in the sense of those gentlemen's clubs for the privileged few. One gets the distinct feeling that every dancer is cared for, is given a clean costume to wear, provided with enough toe shoes and tights, and individually coached during rehearsals. In turn, each dancer—from corps member to soloist—gives his all to each performance. I am not talking about dancing here but about mental concentration and awareness. Many ballets in the Royal's repertory have crowd scenes, in which the ensemble stands around on the side lines while Giselle goes mad, Aurora marries her prince, Prince Siegfried celebrates his birthday, or Romeo cavorts with friends in Verona's market place. The ensemble really watches the central action; its members respond appropriately en masse, or they make little head and arm movements to one another as though commenting on what they are seeing and feeling. These dancers feel as much responsibility for the performance's validity as do the principals, so that even the grandest production takes on an air of intimacy. Every vote counts.

Featured dancers, too, give meticulously detailed performances. I often find myself watching the corps when a soloist is dancing and the leading dancer when the corps is occupying stage center. When in *La Bayadere* Margot Fonteyn finishes her solo she does not then stare at the audience. As though part of the audience, she exults in Rudolf Nureyev's dazzling display of technique. I notice how Ann Jenner, as Swanilda in *Cop-*

CREDIT NETWORKS (*Continued from page 651*)

initial effort but, under pressure from industry's lobbyists and bank-oriented Senators, it was emasculated in committee. Then the Senate quickly and unanimously approved what has come to be called the Fair Credit Reporting Act.

The preamble of the bill states that it is "An Act, to enable consumers to protect themselves against arbitrary, erroneous and malicious credit information." Those words ring hollow because: (*1*) the bill defines the permissible purposes of consumer reports so broadly that market researchers, detective agencies, lawyers and various investigative groups are permitted access to credit bureau files; (*2*) it authorizes the retention of arrest records for seven years, regardless of how minor the charge or whether the charges were dismissed or the defendant acquitted; (*3*) the bill does not impose any clear obligations on credit bureaus to preserve confidentiality or maintain accurate and current records; (*4*) the individual is given access to the files, or a right to be informed of how information about him is being used, only if he can work his way through some unnecessary procedural obstacles, a course that will prove impossible for the poor and the unsophisticated; (*5*) the provisions dealing with correcting inaccurate entries are inadequate, in part because they fail to insist that everyone who has received erroneous data about an individual be informed of the mistake; (*6*) two provisions of the bill effectively absolve credit bureaus from any liability for negligent reporting of erroneous information or failure to comply with the Act. In reality, the preamble should read: "An Act, to protect credit bureaus against citizens who have been abused by erroneous credit and investigative information."

The Fair Credit Reporting Act is now before the House Subcommittee on Consumer Affairs, chaired by Rep. Leonor K. Sullivan of Missouri, a long-time advocate of consumer protection and a veteran of the struggle over the Truth in Lending Act. She reacted to the Senate's work by introducing an excellently drafted and structured new bill that represents an expansion on the best features of the original Proxmire proposal.

Perhaps the most important feature of Mrs. Sullivan's bill is its recognition that effective protection of privacy must give the individual the right to control the flow of information relating to him. By assuring him access to his credit file and by providing that he be notified when adverse decisions are made on the basis of its contents, the proposal gives people some say about the use of such information. Should an individual feel that information in his file is inaccurate, procedures are available for seeking correction and resolving disputes with the bureau. In its present form, the Sullivan bill also imposes limitations on the development and use of reports based on field investigations into a person's character and reputation. Unfortunately, the watered-down Senate bill has a jump on the House version because it has been passed by one chamber and enjoys the support of industry.

Despite the misgivings I have expressed about a computerized credit industry, the benefits of the new technology need not be paid for with our personal freedom. Indeed, there is every reason to believe that a properly constructed and managed computerized credit data network would protect the individual more effectively than do the existing information systems. But, as e. e. cummings observed, "progress is a comfortable disease." Continued vigilance and meaningful legislation are necessary to illuminate the road to the 21st century and reduce the likelihood of a detour to 1984. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pelia, jogs on the side lines when the boys are doing a mazurka. This shows her irrepressible nature as much as do all her shenanigans in the doll maker's house. In *Giselle* I note how, as queen of the Wilis, Monica Mason's or Deanne Bergsma's expression of fear gives added urgency to the dancing of Giselle and her lover, for it becomes clear that the Wili and Giselle are fighting for control of the man's spirit. I have seen *Giselle* many times, but on May 10 I noticed for the first time a bit of stage direction that sums up the relationship between peasant Giselle and royalty. Just before going into Giselle's house to freshen up, the Princess touches the girl's birdcage in a patronizing manner, with the feel of velvet and brocade touching chintz. The Princess is going slumming, and in complimenting Giselle on her birdcage, makes her a victim of her own simplicity. And that is what Giselle finally becomes, when she is betrayed by a count who has posed as one of the common folk. Every performance and every production is studded with this kind of detail. The Royal dancers and management know that dancing is only a part of performing discipline.

For all its sense of continuity and granite strength—qualities that imbue it with an establishment aroma—the Royal Ballet is now in a state of flux, even though you'd never know it from the view out front. Since its inception in 1931, the company has been linked with the names of Nanette de Valois, Frederick Ashton and Margot Fonteyn. Dame Nanette retired in 1963, giving the directorship to Sir Frederick, who has shaped Dame Margot's career and the company's repertory. Ashton is to give up his administrative post this year. Fonteyn's future is problematical; she first danced important roles in 1935. For thirty-five years now she has danced in provincial houses and the Royal Opera House in Covent Garden, during peace time and during the bombing raids of World War II. She has performed every major ballet (even going to the National Ballet of Washington, D.C., to do *La Sylphide*) and many ballets have been created for her. She was 51 years old in May.

This season I have seen Fonteyn dance in *Sleeping Beauty, Marguerite and Armand, Raymonda* and *La Bayadere*. With the exception of *Marguerite and Armand*, which is a kind of publicity release for the Fonteyn and Nureyev combo and contains no dancing, her performances have become unsure and chancy. She approaches each step tentatively, and neither the audience nor Fonteyn, I suspect, knows how it will come out until she is on to the next step. Every moment that she is on the stage becomes precious because, unfortunately, it may be the last. This is not exhilarating; exhilaration comes only when a successful outcome is assured, as when we see a strong dancer do the famous thirty-two *fouettes* in *Swan Lake*. Watching Fonteyn is slightly nerve-racking, and when she does something brilliantly stylist, like the Hungarian solo in *Raymonda*, I am too grateful.

Now is the time for Fonteyn to retire, along with de Valois and Ashton. Her departure will be a blow to people whose sentimental memory of the past is stronger than their eyesight, but it creates no practical problem. The slot of prima ballerina already has been filled by Antoinette Sibley, now one of the greatest dancers in the world. Ashton's retirement does not preclude his choreographing, but the new directors will want to look in new places for new ballets.

If the new *Ropes of Time* by Rudi van Dantzig is the best the Royal can do, it will have a hard time matching the great classics and Ashton's work. The ballet represents the false theory that new choreographic blood necessitates the latest, most fashionable style of choreography and production. First seen here on May 13, *Ropes of Time* uses sterile music that happens to be electronic (by Jan Boerman), and a potpourri of modern dance and ballet—natch. It is all very chichi (except for Toer van Schayk's set, which is truly elegant and, what's more, functional) and hopelessly passé. It offers a sophomoric theme about—well, you know, life—expressed through the figures of the Traveler, Life and Death. They are so busy being figures that they hardly dance. Van Dantzig conceives of life and death as one unit; they are both ever present in the mind of man and exert equal force on him. The idea, for what it's worth, is clearly conveyed, but the choreography, for all its jabbing, crouching and overgeneralized intensity, is bland and phony. It is difficult to comprehend what the protagonist is doing. He is constantly surrounded by life and death and an extraneous ensemble that he alternately fights off and courts. The role is a vehicle for Nureyev, allowing him to show his physique in Michelangelo-style strain and torment. But he huffs and puffs in a vacuum; indeed, the whole ballet splutters energy into a void. Unfortunately, like many of the current European ballets that have just discovered the intellectuality of modern dance and don't know what to do with it, *Ropes of Time* is pretentious in its idea, choreography and production. If someone wants to do an important ballet, O.K., but he should not treat the subject as though it were a VIP.

The Royal Ballet represents good manners, pride, discipline, community participation and beauty—everything that makes life enjoyable. The troupe can certainly absorb an offensive ballet like *Ropes of Time*, which at this point is only a drop in the bucket. The dancers need not do a polonaise or *Sleeping Beauty* to convey a sense of civilization; all they need is substantial and mature choreography. □

FOR SALE - MEXICO

A GEM AND A BARGAIN! Immediate outskirts of tranquil Patzcuaro, four acre walled-in estate adjoining similar estate of American doctor. Unobstructed view of lake, mountains, most beautiful panorama according to Baron von Humboldt. Two acres suitable for orchard, agriculture. Modified Spanish-colonial, built last year. Living room, fireplace, dining room, two baths, kitchen, utility room, garage, four-room gate house, toolhouse, east sunroom, covered West terrace. Town water, electricity, telephone. Flowers all year. Photos, details on request to seriously interested. Asking $30,000. **Apartado Postal 43, Patzcuaro, Michoacan, Mexico.**

EDUCATIONAL TRAVEL

YOU CAN MEET RUSSIANS face to face this summer, as a step towards survival. 3 week non-political exchange visits, all ages, occupations eligible. Depart 6/8, 7/6, 8/3, 8/24. **Citizen Exchange Corps, 10 West 46 St., N.Y.C. LT 1-8113.**

SITUATION WANTED

COLLEGE GRADUATE, 21, draft deferred. Business major, psychology and English minors. Seeks position offering a sense of accomplishment. N.Y.C. area preferred. **Box 636, c/o The Nation.**

The Best Way To Get THE NATION

THE NATION 6-1-70

333 Sixth Ave., New York 10014

☐ One Year, $10

☐ Two Years, $18

☐ 6 Months, $6

☐ Bill Me ☐ Payment Enclosed

(Add $1 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $2 other foreign)

Name .....

Address .....

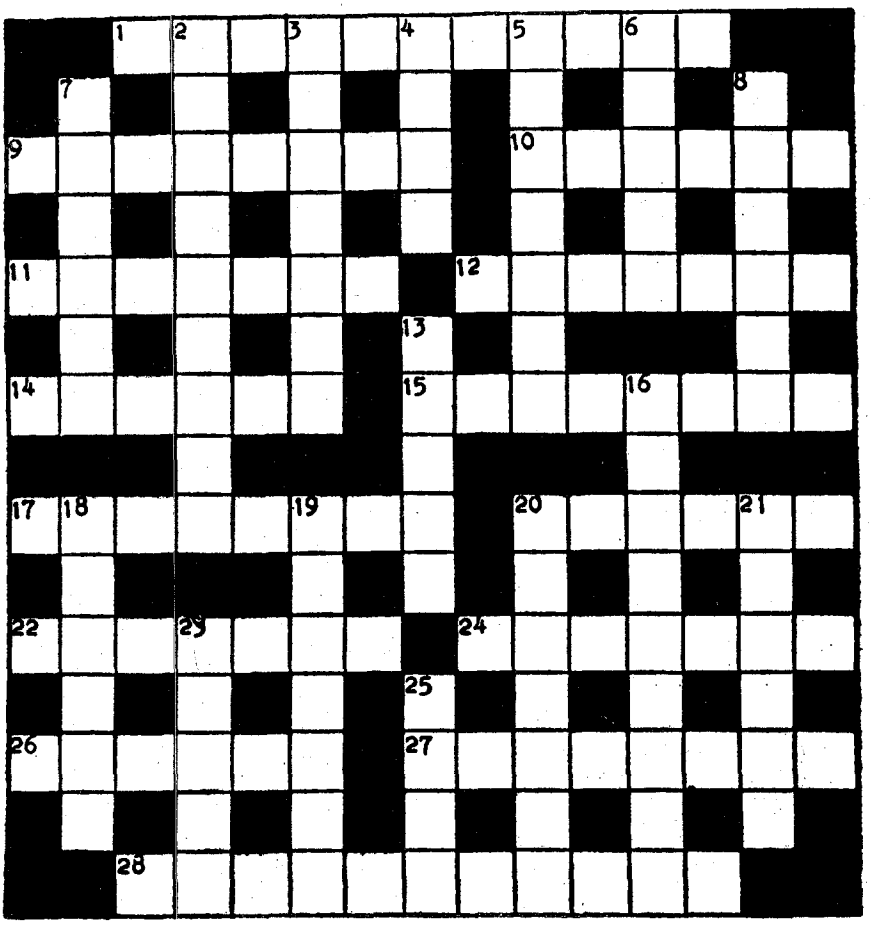
City .....

State .....Zip No.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crossword Puzzle No. 1348

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 They might be for hiking or camping when the mire gets bad otherwise. (5,6)
9 Caging it might be described as colossal. (8)
10 Possibly with the force of metal. (6)
11 Do such animals have the benefits of a degree? (7)
12 Not necessarily a Dickensian entertainer. (4,3)
14 Have a connection, as one might say. (6)
15 It should be a prime turkey, though it's only a warbler. (8)
17 Galahad's was reputedly often separated. (8)
20 Barth's commission merchant seems to be a loud performer. (6)
22 A couple of obstacles to the capital of Yugoslavia or just the coast of Africa? (7)
24 See 4 down.
26 There's a sign of August about a woman like Kate! (6)
27 The condition of being yourself. (8)
28 Undertakers on Madison Avenue, or any others who like to live dangerously? (11)

DOWN

2 Bundle up to hold forth and add all the details. (9)
3 Verbs might so vary in a high degree. (7)
4 13 down, 24 across and 23 down. Evidently not facing something like a draft selection group, though one might fail to go there reputedly. (4,2,3,7,5)
5 Refuse to get more sick? (7)
6 Certainly not a full description. (5)
7 Put out an unauthorized version of one associated with 22 years ago. (6)
8 In one case I row with profession, possibly. (6)
13 See 4 down.
16 One might in a row behind the dam. (9)
18 It isn't funny when the soldier finds himself in an overturned vehicle! (6)
19 Civil War veterans with a fixed course of procedure connected with rather drastic punishment. (7)
20 Refrain from favoring the short seller! (7)
21 There may be a point in the talk of 2 down, but it's rather fancy. (6)
23 See 4 down.
25 An inclination to like to listen to the record? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1347

ACROSS: 1 Water on the brain; (9) Remission; 10 Sodom; 11 Errors; 12 Minorcan; 14 Stripper; 16 Spill; 17 Death; 19 Offering; 20 Preceded; 21 Knocks; 24 Alibi; 25 In balance; 26 Engagement rings.
DOWN: 1 Warren; 2 Timor; 3 Restraightening; 4 Naif; 5 Handicraft; 6 Boston Strangler; 7 Addiction; 8 Nominal; 13 Spoonerism; 15 Traveling; 17 Deplane; 19 Ushers; 20 Ebon.

MUSIC

FREE 64 PAGE CATALOG offers hundreds of recordings of rare **Renaissance, Baroque and Classical music.** Introductory records as low as $1.00 each! All late recordings. In Stereo only. **MHS Records, Box 932-NA, New York City 10028.**

RECORDER, VIOL DA GAMBA MUSIC. Write for free current listings. **Provincetown Bookshop, 246 Commercial St., Provincetown, Mass. 02657.**

PUBLICATIONS

HALDEMAN-JULIUS BLUE BOOKS. 20 and 50 cents; all subjects. Lists: Dime. **LARSON'S BOOKS -N, Box 2932, Hollywood 90028.**

NEWS of the living, active, relevant God of today in **IMPRESSION.** Year's subscription—$1.25. Free sample on request. Write **Glenn E. Schicker, Route 2, Box 62, Roscommon, Mich. 48653.**

BEST VISIONS of the underground/overground—11 x 14 magazine. Send $1.50 to: **ALTERNATIVES!—N, 1526 Gravenstein Hwy. No., Sebastopol,, Calif. 95472.**

WHOLE EARTH CATALOG. $4.00 postpaid. Ecology List free. **SATURDAY BOOKSELLERS, Dept. N, 507 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. 10017.**

EDUCATIONAL

MONTESSORI TRAINING—June 29-Aug. 7. Self-initiated learning, flexible environment. **Charles Rathbone, Admin. Asst., N/SMTTP. 162 Winchell Rd., Syracuse. N. Y. 13210.**

SERVICES

MOVING? Professional moving at competitive rates. Anytime, anywhere. Licensed, insured, experienced. **THE COVERED WAGON, ALgonquin 5-1788 (N.Y.C.).**

BOOK PRINTING — Paperbacks, hardcover, pamphlets. As few as 200 copies. Quality printing at Budget Prices. Free details. **Box 285N Floral Park, N.Y. 11001.**

REAL ESTATE

PENOBSCOTT BAY—BAYSIDE, MAINE $2,800 +$4,800. Buildings—Studio, School, Family. Sailing, golf. **212-486-0385—Hanson, 225 E. 47 St., N.Y.C. 10017.**

PERSONALS

ABOLISH ALL ABORTION LAWS. The right of each adult to own his or her own body is the paramount moral law. The word human means exactly air breathing Homo sapiens. **—AAAL, POB 36122, Los Angeles, 90036.**

POSTERS (over 175, many anti-war), **BUTTONS** (over 225), **BUMPERSTICKERS, PEACE JEWELRY AND EARRINGS.** Wholesale and retail. Free catalogue. **A BIG-LITTLE STORE, 1077 Mission St., San Francisco, Calif. 94103.**

"How many Vietnamese fought in our Civil War?" or **"Vietnam—Love it or Leave it"** Stamps $1.00 per sheet of 66; Bumperstickers 5/$1.00; Buttons 4/$1.00. **International McClelland, Dept. N, 407 Maple, Bev. Hills, Ca.**

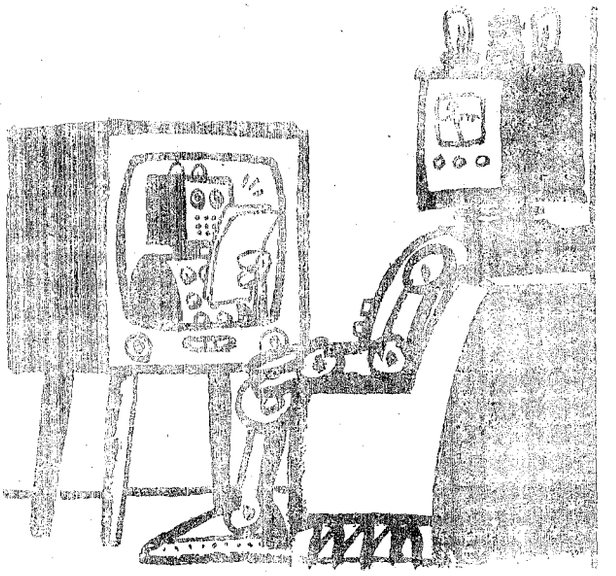
WRY IDEAS—Exuberant new catalog, **25c (deductible from first order). Wry Idea Co., Box 178-T, Rye, N.Y. 10580.**

ADVERTISING RATES

Classified: 74c a line (6 words) 3 line min.
Classified Display: $7.42 per inch (min.)
THE NATION, 333 Sixth Ave., N. Y. 10014
242-8400

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'What The American People Don't Know Can Kill Them.'*



And has been killing them. For instance, Americans generally have not known about the new U.S. "Indo-China War," about the hazards of smoking, or even about the dangerous X-rays emitted from color television sets themselves. And how many have died or been injured?

The poor quality of television programming and the lack of informative broadcasting on critical public issues is not an accident. The story is told in Nicholas Johnson's new book HOW TO TALK BACK TO YOUR TELEVISION SET. A member of the Federal Communications Commission—the youngest ever to serve on the FCC—Johnson discusses the influence of TV, explores the relationship between the media and corporate interests, and documents the all-too-frequent silence of the screen.

But he does more. He offers concrete suggestions on how to transform television and tells us what we can do to exert pressure where it really counts.

Join those who are talking back. Subscribe to The NATION—a magazine that prides itself on not being silent. If you enter a new one-year subscription now, we will send you free HOW TO TALK BACK TO YOUR TELEVISION SET, by Nicholas Johnson. But do it now. The life you save may be your own!

* from DUE TO CIRCUMSTANCES BEYOND OUR CONTROL, by Fred Friendly.

FREE OFFER: If you join us now for 1 year, we will send you HOW TO TALK BACK TO YOUR TELEVISION SET, free of charge.

THE NATION **333 Sixth Avenue** **New York, N. Y. 10014**

☐ I'll join you for 1 year (48 issues). I enclose $10 and understand you'll send me HOW TO TALK BACK.

☐ I'll try you for 6 months (24 issues). Enclosed is $6. (Add $1 per year postage for Canada & Mexico, $2 other foreign).

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

N-6-1

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED